



VERSES BY GEORGE O.
HOLBROOKE



THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

01114
AM

39

2



VERSES

BY
GEORGE O. HOLBROOKE



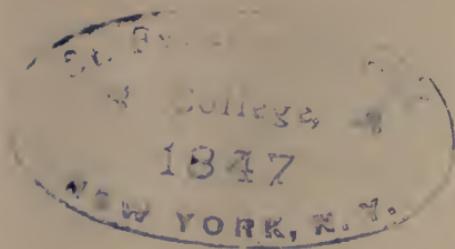
BROADWAY PUBLISHING CO.
835 BROADWAY, MANHATTAN

Copyright, 1905,

BY

GEORGE O. HOLBROOK.

All Rights Reserved.



1939
H.576 v

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Monday Morning	1
Pulvis et Umbra	2
Leyden	4
Dabunt Malum	6
Their Appointed Time	7
Trinity Chimes	8
Asphalt	9
The Cataloguer	11
Trinity Church	13
Scandinavian Gospel	14
Torre Quemada (The Burnt Tower)	15
St. Patrick's Day	15
Ivan the Terrible	16
Brooklyn Bridge	18
Islam	19
The Cathedral of Peter and Paul	20
Raking the Leaves	22
Royal Wine	22
Grape Gathering	24
Mainz	25
Père La Chaise	26
I Piombi	27
Bielo Ozero	28
Cheap	29
The Whip-Saw	29
Silence	31
"A Virtuous Woman"	33
Antwerp	34
Dusty	35
The Laws of the Game	37
St. Malo	39

	PAGE
The White Plume	40
The Shell Road	42
Psyche	45
Pilate	46
Indian Summer	48
“ <i>Ω δῖος αὐθίρη</i> ”	50
The Brain	54
Sleep Song	55
Where?	57
Santa Lucia	58
Louis Quinze	59
Ranz des Vaches	60
The Name of the Tune	61
Portage	62
Garlands	63
Rest	64
Voices of the Night	65
Central Park	66
The Bowery	68
The Breeze	69
Fistula Americana	71
Sleep and Death	72
The Song of the Saw	72
Fortune's Wheel	73
An Evening Party	75
The Corn	77
The Clinic	79
The Eve of Salamis	81
The Pillar of Fire	85
The Old School Days	87
Western Athens	89
Perfume	91
Michael Angelo	93
Hotel Dieu	95
Allegro Ma Non Troppo	96
Yankee Doodle	99
The Symphony Concert	100
The River	102
Gazel of Hafiz	103
Poplar Down	104
Lafayette	105
Antigone and Ismene	108

CONTENTS.

v

	PAGE
Ferns	110
Queenstown	112
The Haunted Castle	113
Cold Storage	115
O Fons Bandusle	117
The Fire	117
The Bath	119
The Music Box	121
M. M. H.	127
E. M. O.	127
J. M. R.	128
H. B.	128
All Saints	129
Sheshequin	129
Sunt Lacrymæ Rerum.	131
Webster	133
Treasure of the Night	135
Tsarskoë Selo	136
Breeze and Calm	137
Isaac Marshall	139
Abner Crafts	141

MONDAY MORNING.

THE morning sun is shining along the gilded street,
The pavement is reëchoing a thousand busy feet;
And not a sorrow lingers where shadows gather brown,
For all the boys and girls who work are coming into town.

The office-buildings shoulder out the houses, in the row
Where Knickerbockers lived in peace some eighty years ago;
With tier on tier of eager life they surge on either hand,
And piles of boxes block the way where coaches used to stand.

There, where a house is coming down, you still can see the trace
Of all the rooms and parlors that used to fill the place—
'Twas here the parson blessed the pair, and there a mother cried,
And there the sister knelt in prayer beside the saint who died.

A pile of granite palaces is rising in their stead,
And all the eyes that used to shine are numbered
 with the dead.
The city's stream of myriad life pours on with
 tragic flow,
And brings new hearts and souls instead of those
 we used to know.

But in the east St. Saviour's stands, and lifts its
 hand on high,
And casts upon the sweeping crowd a blessing from
 the sky—
A patriarchal blessing, though office-buildings
 frown,
For all the girls and boys who work are coming
 into town.

PULVIS ET UMBRA.

We met before the tenement;
 A gleam was on her lashes,
And down the street the breezes sent
 The gleaning of our ashes.

I see her still—the stately form,
 The bit of faded shawl;
Behind her rose the gathering storm
 And shook its threatening pall.

A marble brow, dilated eyes
 Of clear celestial blue,
As when the rainbow orbs the skies
 With depths of heavenly dew.

I know the wolf of gaunt despair,
The sullen stare of shame,
The glint of hate, the glaze of care,
And woes that have no name;

I know the violets that dye
The love-lorn maiden's cheeks—
But, oh, the power of the eye
That wakes through weary weeks.

I saw the stranger, clearer light,
And knew that he was dead:
“About the turning of the night,
And all alone,” she said.

We sought again the naked stair,
Each with an empty hod,
And felt a presence with us there,
A messenger of God.

Oh, harvests of forsaken lives,
Ghosts of forgotten fires:
Faith in the infinite survives
Where bleeding hope expires.

Blow, winter winds, to cool that soul,
And heal the reddened gashes:
Powers of eternity control
The fate of dust and ashes.

LEYDEN.

The towers of Leyden rise
Against the lurid skies
Like a company of melancholy ghosts,
And the cursèd Spanish heel
Has drawn its line of steel
Around them, with its banners and its hosts.

Every citizen you meet
On the bleak, deserted street
Is so hungerbit, it's pitiful to tell;
And the women there, who cower
In each cellar and each tower,
Dread the Spanish as they dread the beasts of hell.

Every watchman there, who calls
To his fellow, on the walls,
Has a voice that sounds like funeral bells that ring;
For the dragon coiled below
Is a very cunning foe,
And is setting all his talons for a spring.

Every foot of Holland soil
Has been reddened by the toil
Of the heading-axe that hacks its holy sod;
Every foot is black with coals
That have sent the tortured souls
A-shrieking from the fire up to God.

The only Dutchmen now
Are the men who man the bow
Of the ships that come a-floating on the tide;

And every dyke that breaks
Is the spring the lover makes,
As he leaps across the fire to his bride.

But every dyke is lined
By the hosts they have combined
With the gold that's sweated out of Cuban slaves;
The martial Genooses
/ And the bitter Portugeses,
Who are beating back the ocean and its waves.

They've a long account to square
With the herring-boaters there,
The fisher laddies, hungry and forlorn
The people from the isles
Where nature never smiles,
And where they talk of Egmont and of Horn.

There are men from western Flanders,
And a fleet of the Ostranders,
And the Frieslanders are tacking down the shore;
There are Sturtevanders there,
To steer the wind, I swear,
There are Roosevelts and Stuyvesants galore.

There'll be a storm, to-night,
That will make the surges white,
And there never is a dyke that will abide;
For the gulls are flying low,
In the faces of the foe,
And God Almighty's stirring up the tide.

DABUNT MALUM.

“Very clever, so they say,
 Very bright and very clever;
 Poet Naevius’ latest lay
 Rings as lustily as ever.

“Verses flashing down the street,
 Clinking in the plashing fountain
 Where the charcoal-sellers meet,
 Coming from the Sabine mountain.

“All the baker’s boys repeat them,
 And the lentil-seller’s daughter
 Lifts her pretty hands and beats them
 Chanting, as she draws the water.

“Brightly flitting, off they fly,
 Like the idle winter’s swallows,
 Seeking the Surrentine skies
 Over the Campagna’s fallows.”

“Mischief-making, bitter words,
 Idly railing at his betters,
 Cutting sharp like whetted swords,
 Clanking shrill like brazen fetters,

“Mocking at our ancient fame,
 Waxen masks and annals hoary.
 Will he seek to dim the name
 Of the clan in Roman story?

“Weary, wandering, far away,
Empty pouch and empty belly,
We shall hear what he will say,
When he thinks of the Metelli.

“Metaphors return to roost,
Haunting like forgotten curses.
We shall hear old Naevius boast,
When he reads Metellic verses.”

THEIR APPOINTED TIME.

Lengthening still, the arms of night
Fold around our northern world;
Summer’s radiant robe of light
To the southern pole is whirled.

Keener raptures fill the air,
Anthems through the forest peal;
Heaven’s archers now prepare,
Swifter shafts of bluer steel.

Seek, O birds, a milder clime;
Seek your bowers of winter bliss;
Swift the changeful summer-time
On revolving globes like this.

Some of you can still remember
Crystal joys as keen as these,
When the pulses of September
Thrilled the sobbing chestnut-trees;

And a clearer voice than reason
 Fills each eager callow breast:
“Rise, and greet the appointed season;
 Rise; this world is not your rest.

“Rise upon the ether’s surges,
 While the shortening sunbeams smile;
Nature’s mildest mandate urges,
 Seek the blooming tropic isle.”

TRINITY CHIMES.

Old Trinity was striking one,
 And darkness ruled the street
Which flashes in the morning sun,
 When man and mammon meet.

The office-buildings soared on high,
 The shadows slept below,
Save where the strip of star-lit sky
 Watched the electric glow.

A lonely figure wandered there
 And knocked at every door,
Still turning, with a fruitless care,
 Each corner to explore.

A puzzled eye, a flushing cheek,
 A doublet—yes, in sooth,
'Twas Knickerbocker, come to seek
 The comrades of his youth.

And strange Dutch words and gestures told
The depth of his despair.

“Where is the wijnkoep, where they sold
The draughts of Rhenish rare?

“Where is the stoep of Rip van Dam,
Where cronies met together,
To hear the news from Amsterdam
And ask the price of leather?

“The wall is gone, the Indians fled,
The fort has passed away.
Are Hendrick, Jans and Joris dead?
Their children—where are they?”

And up he looked, and then looked down:—
“The Kat’skills have moved into town!”

ASPHALT.

The smoke of seething asphalt is on the street
to-day,
As if a new Gomorrah were blazing on Broadway,
And sooty forms, like demons, with blazing irons
stalk,
To make the roadway smoother for women’s feet to
walk.

The smoke of burning grasses is on the Asian plain,
But behind it come the wagon-tops of all the Aryan
train;

In front the thorn-bush crackles and the thistle's
flag is furled,
But behind it spread the pastures that feed a hun-
gry world.

The fagots on the Plaza have been sweetened up
with oil,
For blessed Torquemada has got some Jews to
broil.
There are thousands more to follow, while the
southern heavens smile,
To wear the robe of torture and to climb the bitter
pile.

But there's pitch and tar in Cadiz that will burn
with louder roar
When England fires the signal and Drake comes
down the shore;
There are bolts in heaven's arsenal and blasts upon
the seas
To drive the great armada beyond the Hebrides.

The stakes are set by Balliol and crowds block up
the road,
For Latimer and Ridley shall burn, to-day, for
God,
And all of Oxford's bells must toll, and all the
organs ring,
To tell the prudent righteousness of England's
Spanish king.

But a beacon has been lighted, and a whirlwind is
begun,
That will bear the spark of British thought be-
yond the setting sun;

For all the darkness of men's hearts and all that
they desire,
Must be tested by the furnace and be salted by the
fire.

There are flames that scorch and blacken, there are
flames that guide and bless,
The pillar leads the Hebrew host through all the
wilderness,
And Gideon's smoking torches, in earthen vessels
stored,
Shall flash upon the midnight sky the glory of the
Lord.

THE CATALOGUER.

Poor pen—your life's short race is run
As far as I can task it;
In recompense for service done
I'll throw you in the basket.

Good pen—at first you were a queen—
As tough, and bright, and limber
As rushes green, and sweet sixteen,
And ten-year hickory timber.

You waded through the weary mire
Of longest pagination;
Imprint and foot-note could not tire
Your personal equation.

You took to Greek, and would not squeak
At Swedish, Dutch or Latin,
But made the title-pages speak
In words as soft as satin.

Ink, black and blue! the same to you.
Whate'er my hand was seeking,
Until you tried the copying brew,
And then you took to creaking.

You'll meet the end good pens desire
Beyond this room's disaster,
And, purged by a renewing fire,
May find a better master.

Poor body—you were lissome, too,
So merry and so willing,
You'd play and frisk, as young folks do,
Although the pace was killing.

But now the prison of rheumatism
Has stopped your sport and caper,
And tired eyes must have a prism
To see the print on paper.

Soon you'll be pressed on earth's soft breast,
And, if it's fair to ask it,
I hope you'll find a quiet rest
Beyond earth's emptied basket.

TRINITY CHURCH.

Some one threw telegraphic waste
From windows in the night,
And Trinity's grave elms were laced,
Next day, with strips of white.

Each sparrow took its shares of stocks
To line a downy nest,
Love messages, like fairies' locks,
Fell on each dead man's breast.

The church bore tidings to the town
Upon its fingers taper,
And old John Watts's metal gown
Bloomed out afresh in paper.

But where's the rest? What tide of space
Has borne the grave, the tender,
The hopeful thoughts which lightnings trace
To speed them for the sender?

Toll out, great chimes of deathless doom,
Above the Sunday street,
For human prayer there still is room,
Where man and heaven meet.

Though many a faint, despairing thought
Upon the tombstones lie,
The rest by airy hands are caught,
And wafted to the sky.

SCANDINAVIAN GOSPEL.

The old Norwegians wondered how
The pillars of the earth could bow ;
They asked what tides through heaven run ;
What spell commands the midnight sun ;
And so they told how Thor went out
To spy the universe about.
He left the land of sun and flowers,
And, armed with his creative powers,
He took the hammer in his hand,
And wandered into Chaos land.
He found what giant forms there are,
Whose roof-tree is the polar star ;
He felt fierce Heela's scathing breath ;
Like men he felt the hug of death ;
When Outer-Darkness showed its eyes,
He gripped the monster like a vise.
Then the great orbing planet swerved,
The whole ecliptic bent and curved,
The frozen hosts of horror fled,
And midnight hid its vanquished head.
Men's heroes, with the spoils they've won,
Newton, and Watt, and Edison
Have lion hearts and eye of lynx,
To conquer nature's subtle sphinx,
And force the powers of earth to give
The bread and hope by which we live.
Plain, common men, like you and me,
Have something still to do and see.
We'll love our work, and rest, and play ;
We'll face the sunrise day by day,
And when we've drained earth's mingled cup,
We'll take the midgard serpent up.

TORRE QUEMADA.

(The Burnt Tower.)

See the Moorish torches leap !
Hear the shrieking ladies' bower !
Spanish curses, fierce and deep,
Echo from the burning tower.

Long the blackened ruin stood,
Name and emblem of a race—
Torquemada, word of blood,
Branded on a nation's face.

Heritage of deathless hate,
Fierce revenge, religious strife,
Worm that gnawed Castilian state
At the heart of Spanish life.

Let no watchword such as this,
No such memories be ours ;
May the dews of heaven kiss
Mosses on our ruined towers.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

True to the heart of the saint who had tasted
Bitterest dregs in the cup of the slave ;
Following fast in his steps as he hastened,
Seeking the perishing over the wave ;
Sons of St. Patrick, a glorious nation,
Winning their heritage under the sun,
Bear in their bosom the hope of creation,
Bear on their banner the cross that he won ;

Fighting the battles of freedom and honor,
 Building the railroad and sailing the ship,
 True to old Ireland, blessings upon her!
 A glint in the eye and a song on the lip.

Sarsfields still true to the lilies that shield them,
 Sheridans bearing the stars of the west,
 Sabres that flash in the hands that can wield them,
 Hearts of the lightest and souls of the best.
 Hark! it's the voice of sweet Goldsmith that's singing;
 Hark! it's the magic Moore's melody flings;
 Hark! it's the voice of a Burke that is ringing—
 Prophets of righteousness, liberty's kings.
 Hail to the sons of the saint who still guides them,
 Seeking the triumph of Christendom's right!
 Here in the west a new Erin abides them,
 Crowning the earth with its kingdom of light.

IVAN THE TERRIBLE.

The frozen sky is cobalt-blue,
 The clouds float sadly off,
 The Moscow men stand, grim and gray,
 Before the towers of Pskoff,
 And Ivan bites his withered lip—
 To-day shall surely bring
 The eagle of his fell revenge,
 With blood upon its wing.
 “No quarter” is the given word;
 In this fraternal strife
 Whoever saves a soul in Pskoff
 Shall surely lose his life,

A black cowl towers above the crowd,
The household troops bow low
To Nicholas, the hermit monk,
Who never feared a foe;
Unshod he treads the cutting ice,
Nor feeds on mortal fare—
The fiercest saint who trusts his God,
And breathes the Russian air.
“Hail, father, hail!” “All hail, my liege!
Hail, comrades from the east!
I bring my blessing to your board,
My tribute to your feast.”
“What, father, flesh? Raw, bleeding flesh?
What! flesh in holy Lent?
Such food shall never pass my lips,
Pollute my royal tent!”
“Meet meat for thee, thou devil’s son!
Let kings remember well
That he who eats the hearts of men
Shall keep his Lent in hell.”
The monarch’s beard falls on his breast,
The monarch’s brow bends low—
He sees the site of Novgorod
A waste of trackless snow.
He sees the tortured, stiffened forms,
That in the snow-drifts rest—
The mother by her blackened hearth,
The baby at her breast;
And ghosts of horrors yet to be
Before his conscience run,
He sees his blood-stained staff of steel
That slays his only son.
The boyars clutch their heavy swords,
And watch, with bated breath,

The sweat upon that wrinkled brow
Doomed to an evil death.
The monarch's word sounds hoarse and low,
The roofs of Pskoff are free;
The tidings sweep across the land,
They greet the frozen sea;
And still, in huts of blackened fir
Beneath the polar star,
Men praise the mighty monk of old
Who tamed the awful Czar.

BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

Like flashing eyes the torches glow,
Where land and water meet,
And lamps in bright procession flow
Through each untrodden street.

Shadows of pinnacle and tower
Fall where the city broods,
Alley and sullen courtyard cower,
Like dells in deepest woods.

The sea of roofs extends, the same,
O'er many a happy home,
O'er dens of shame that bear no name
And halls where angels roam.

In silence far, each white-robed star
Its deathless vigil keeps,
And spirits bear to heaven's bar
The harvest heaven reaps.

Is it a rose that stains the sky,
 Or a dying sinner's blood?
 The swift reply to earth's keen cry,
 Or the day-spring's healing flood?

The incense of the mist-cloud soars
 To meet the quickening ray;
 The world's dark soul bows and adores,
 And waits the perfect day.

ISLAM.

See the mighty Haj proceeding
 From the fair Damascus gate,
 With the Pasha's camel leading—
 “Allah akbar! God is great!”

Past each palm and fairy garden,
 Past the mosque's protecting walls,
 Where the note of heaven's pardon
 In the muezzin's summons falls.

“Lebanon is far above us,
 Robed in folds of virgin snow;
 God is near to help and love us,
 Guide, protect us as we go.

“Southward far the prophet calls us,
 Here our loved ones pray and wait;
 Life, nor death, nor hell appals us;
 Allah akbar! God is great!”

—Still the great procession's wending,
 Underneath a crystal sky,
 North and south are sands unending,
 Fire on earth and fire on high.

“Let him rest where he is sleeping,
 Where no giaour's foot has trod,
 In the desert's holy keeping;
 He has made his Peace with God.

“Not a jackal to molest him,
 Not a vulture in the sky;
 In his sacred robe invest him,
 Thus may each believer die.

“Here the choir of angels calms him,
 Chanting their eternal lay;
 Here the wild simoon embalms him,
 Drifting till the Judgment Day.

“Onward still the Prophet calls us,
 Bearing each his solemn fate;
 Life, nor death, nor hell appals us;
 Allah akbar! God is great!”

THE CATHEDRAL OF PETER AND PAUL.

Fair Nature chose her brightest hour,
 Her clearest sight, serenest power,
 The noblest Russian blood that ran—
 Wrought them, and said: “Behold, a man!”
 No age nor ages could repeat her
 Great work. Men claimed their king in Peter,

Æons of Asian darkness fled
At his command; swift, swifter sped
The hands of Time's resounding clock,
Freed from the brazen clogs that mock
Our human efforts; like a dream
Bright Science rose by Neva's stream,
While, with his mighty fingers, he
Traced realms and worlds that were to be.

—A mother's tragic will behind
A father's narrow, darkened mind.
Earth paused in all its toil to ask:
"What is this ghastly, bodeful mask?"
Phantoms of grim disaster dance
Beside his path, and at his glanee
Wife, children shudder; subjects fall
In abject terror. Such was Paul.
At last the world rebelled; a blow
From desperate vassals laid him low.

He sleeps beside the flooding river,
Where frozen ages wait and shiver,
Beneath the heaven-piercing spire,
With murdress mother, murdered sire.
Petropaulovsk! the chosen fane
Of Time's hereditary reign,
At whose command and with whose sigh,
The strongest, weakest, live and die.
Rise, holy Russia! with thy view,
Cleared by sweet tears of heaven's dew;
Place human conscience, reason, fate,
On mighty Peter's throne of state.

RAKING THE LEAVES.

The leaves are falling from the trees,
Dead as forgotten sins,
And still, to sound of autumn breeze,
Sweet Nature sings and spins.

She spins the thread unchanging
That saddened memory weaves,
While the sun's bright shuttle, ranging,
Wakens Australian leaves.

The tenderest hopes that met the dawn
Where April's shadows lay,
The gems of light that lit the lawn
Beneath the eye of May,

The brooding love of summer bowers
That watched the ripening fruit
Are mingled in the russet showers,
Beside the ancient root.

Yet Nature fills her deathless bowl,
Nor e'er, despairing, grieves,
And unborn summers cheer the soul
Of those who rake the leaves.

ROYAL WINE.

Charles the Fifth has sailed from Cadiz
Over the Atlantic tide,
Noble knights and lovely ladies
Resting at his gracious side.

Castanets and lute Castilian
Teach the notes that lovers learn,
While the blue and gold pavillion
Flutters on the lofty stern.

See! the monarch's eyes have rested
On the hideous forward bench
Where the slaves, in toil detested,
Row in the eternal stench.

Never kindly face to see them
Underneath that brazen sky,
Only death and hell to free them,
Sharks to eat them when they die.

Stripped and shaven, tanned and branded,
Starting eyes that stare and shine—
“Give them,” so the king commanded,
“Royal draughts of royal wine!”

Golden wine in golden beakers
Flows to cheer the demon crew;
Wine, at last, has made them speakers,
How they shout, Great Charles, for you!

On the shores by legend haunted,
On the Andalusian waves,
Mariners for ages chanted
How the emperor treated slaves.

Toilers in the modern city,
Sweat-shop toilers, stripped and peeled,
Find no cup of earthly pity,
Find no draught that love has healed

Till the sea sends up its chalice,
Winds of bliss that never tire,
Fresh from Ocean's beryl palace,
Cooling every brow of fire.

Sleep and comfort, food and pleasure,
In the magic draught combine;
When the billows grant their treasure,
And the heaven pours out its wine.

GRAPE GATHERING.

The garden trellis raises
Its vine-clad hands on high,
With meed of balmy praises
For the gifts of the summer sky.

The mold that shrines a million leaves,
The fragrant breath of dawn,
The bowers that radiant summer weaves,
The gems by autumn worn,

The eye of heaven, serene and kind,
The sphere's eternal shape
Are mirrored in the downy rind
That clasps the perfect grape.

The burning lip of the evening sky,
This purple Concord kissed
With the starry sapphire's gleaming dye,
And the light of the amethyst.

Amber Niagaras show the dew
The star of morning brings;
Catawbas mock each rainbow hue
On the flying storm-clouds' wings.

Delicious air, that fill'st the lip
Of the mountains' violet bowl,
The nectar that the spirits sip,
The world's transparent soul—

Still make our hearts rejoice and shine,
When winter's winds are drear,
And let the glow of Nature's wine
Live on from year to year.

MAINZ.

Against the dewy sky the sunset's fingers
Array the vine-clad hills in darkening lines.
A royal cloud of purple radiance lingers
Above the crowning towers of stately Mainz.
Calm is the glow, the step of night is steady,
The lamps begin to gleam with mystic shine,
The might of Alpine snows, forever ready,
Is flooding swift along the noble Rhine.

The minster's chimes, in full, mysterious numbers,
Float o'er the city, from the cloisters wide
Where many a knight in stony armor slumbers
With hosts of great companions at his side.
Fair Nature's hand with freshest turf is dressing
The mound above their heads; her tapers burn
To soothe their sleep, until, with morning blessing,
Her feathered choristers in peace return.

On yonder moorland, where the ash tree towers,
 Where ancient spirits sternly, sadly roam,
 The dying Drusus summoned all his powers
 To hail Tiberius, speeding swift from Rome.
 Too late, too late, for one to greet the other!
 The heart-beats slacken and the pulses chill,
 But still the memory of the noble brother
 Rests dark and solemn on the stately hill.

Souls of the past, the glorious world protecting,
 From distant ages on our memories shine,
 The thoughts of love and duty still reflecting
 On the eternal current of the Rhine.
 Still shall our hearts dream of the former glory,
 Still hail the heroes with their deeds of gold,
 While the great river chants its solemn story
 And hastens to the ocean as of old.

PÈRE LA CHAISE.

The summer sun, so loth to set,
 Has lengthened out the best of days,
 And glances over La Roquette
 To fall on peaceful Père La Chaise.

The heart of mighty Paris broods—
 A giant, murmuring in his sleep,
 Still dreaming of these holy woods,
 Where urns their marble vigils keep—

God's great Westminster out-of-doors,
 The hero's and the sage's tomb,
 Where every leaf its incense pours
 Through long arcades of fragrant bloom.

The ivy twines its garlands green,
The cypress lifts its hands in prayer,
The myrtle murmurs of Racine,
The laurel whispers of Molière.

The echoes of a thousand Junes
Ring over Grétry's tuneful rest,
And linnets keep their sweetest tunes
To calm Rossini's troubled breast.

The twilight folds its dewy wings
And watches Hugo's solemn cell;
The evening star exults, and sings
Of Arago, who knew it well.

Then, when bright Hesperus has led,
Zephyr returns through all the shades,
And mystic foot-falls of the dead
Come rustling down the darkening glades.

While memory lingers in her shrine,
I'll ne'er forget that violet haze—
I'll see the star of evening shine,
The sentinel of Père La Chaise.

I PIOMBI.

O, the heat of the roof! O, the stench of the cage!
The blackness, the madness, the torment, the rage!
By day there is horror, at night there is dread,
For God never comes to live under the lead.

There's a crucifix high in the torture-room low
 To mock every groan and to count every blow,
 There's a priest there to spy every word that is
 said;
 But God never comes to live under the lead.

Outside there's the sun, and the stars, and the
 moon,
 And the boats that ride free on the distant lagoon,
 And the noondays are blue and the evenings are
 red;
 But God never comes to live under the lead.

BIELO OZERO.

White fire on the horizon burns,
 The forest glooms afar,
 The orbing world in silence turns
 To adore the Morning Star.

He reins his heavenly steeds on high
 Their eager thirst to slake,
 And all the glory of the sky
 Flames in the peaceful lake.

His flashing torch, inverted, beams
 Upon the water's breast;
 The lingering old moon sadly dreams
 And fills the purpling west.

Dear Memory, cease thy sweetest grief,
 And teach us, from afar,
 Quickening beneath the dawn's relief
 To reflect the Morning Star.

CHEAP.

“He’s only two and sixpence, sir,
A rare good linnet for his age—
The mornings, I can hardly stir
Before he’s piping in the cage.

“He only wants his bite of seed,
A pinch of cress, and room to grow;
He’s never pining to be freed,
Because he’s blinded, sir, you know.”

Poor creature! Milton’s feathered mate,
Instinct with the celestial spark,
Beguiling days of hopeless fate
With suns that shone before the dark.

Poor souls! in many a cheerless room,
Toiling for that which others waste,
Cheering their comrades in the gloom
With dreams of joy they never taste.

Poor spirits of mankind! who wait
Where gleams through starry windows flow,
Nor beat their wings at heaven’s gate,
Because they’re blinded, here, you know.

THE WHIP-SAW.

Sweet October’s voice is calling,
Sweet October’s heart is red,
Gay October’s leaves are falling
From the branches overhead.

Where the mighty logs are lying
 On their couch of damasked gold,
 Cheerily the saw is flying
 And the fate of logs is told;

Double hands to call and answer,
 Teeth of steel that bite and cry,
 While the saw, a merry dancer,
 Flashes sunbeams from the sky.

**Hχω*, sagana, sagen, sägen,*
 Echoing words of Aryan law!
 Many an ancient churl and thegen
 Chanted sagas o'er the saw—

Songs of dwarfs and elves beguiling,
 Songs of vikings, heaven led;
 While great Master Olaf, smiling,
 Carved the fatal dragon head.

Thus, from age to age, unheeding,
 Chanting generations go,
 While a wiser hand is speeding
 Next year's sunbeams through the snow.

* The Greek *ηχω* appears to correspond to the German *sagen* and *sägen* (*to say, to saw*), as *εχω* does to *siegen*. The primitive idea of reciprocal action developed into that of antiphonal chants and sacred formulae before the division of the Indo Europeans; cf. *κατηχέω, saga, Segen*.

SILENCE.

The silence of the meadow ! when the sun has risen
high
And the clouds are floating languidly across a per-
fect sky,
When the birds have ceased their morning pipe,
and the morning breeze is still,
When no poplar whitens in the vale or flashes on
the hill,
When the murmur of the mill-wheel scarce moves
the moody sense
And the monologue of insects makes the silence
more intense,
And through your closing eyelids you see some
boys at play
Who lived—a hundred years ago, a thousand miles
away !

The silence of the city ! when the window is ajar,
And the rattle of a thousand wheels sounds like
the sea afar,
When the organ man is playing on such a distant
street
That his tune becomes a melody that sirens might
repeat,
And the movements of a million lives so close
around you seem
Like the half-forgotten fancy of a half-forgotten
dream.

The silence of the mountain ! when the earth is
all at rest,
And heaven folds the icy peaks upon its icy breast,

When the eagles circle far away above the plains
below,
And the winter of the ages sleeps on the perfect
snow,
And there's not a sound to tell you of the great
world's restless pain
But the throbbing of old Adam's blood that's thud-
ding in your brain.

The silence of the sick room! when the lamp is
burning low,
And you hear the ticking of the watch, and the
mice that come and go,
And the sharp staccato breathing of the one you
love the best,
And you think it's growing easier, and brings the
needed rest,
And you grudge the creaking of a board, and the
watch-dog's distant bay,
And you wish the night were longer, and dread
the noisy day.

The silence of the church-yard! when the clock
has struck night's noon,
And the owls have ceased their hooting in the full-
ness of the moon,
And the dew is beading on the graves in drops
that glitter fair,
And the silent stars are setting in the gulfs of
crystal air,
And there's not an ear to hearken, and not an eye
to see,
And the nearest hearts are those that rest in the
world that is to be.

“A VIRTUOUS WOMAN.”

The poet's girls are perfect, and it don't do to be
rash,
But the best of all the girls to me is the lady who
takes the cash;
She's good, and then she's sensible, her face is
like the sun,
And she has a thought for every soul except for
number one.

She's firm, though she's good-natured; she's wise,
although she's kind;
The clerks must keep to business, and the cash-
girls have to mind,
But when the figures wont come out, as sometimes
will befall,
They take them up to Lizzie, and she sets them
right for all.

She always keeps a level head, and most so when
she's pressed—
The other girls will talk and fool, but she's not
like the rest,
Her hand must hold the pencil, and it can't be
white as snow,
But she's much like Solomon's lady that he praised
so long ago.

It's best of all for Lizzie when she goes home at
night,
And the boys will run from their work and fun
to hail her footstep light:

It's "Lizzie!" here, and "Lizzie!" there, and, when
they all have kissed her,
Whoever has a joy or care must tell it to his
sister.

She isn't proud, but they're proud of her, and,
whatever folks may say,
The one is best for whom the rest are watching
all the day;
And when she has children of her own, and this
world is growing cold,
They'll rise and call her blessed, as Solomon did
of old.

ANTWERP.

As the silver fountain leaps
Above the myrtle bower,
So the heart of Antwerp sweeps
In the glory of its tower
To meet the blessed sky that beckons fair;
The dayspring's golden wages
And the tempest's noble rages
Are the dower of the daughter of the air.

When the evening silence falls
As sweet as love divine,
And the muffled organ calls,
And the glory of the shrine
Comes flashing out through every jewelled pane,
Then the emperor's ancient bells
Ring out the note that tells
Of the passing of earth's splendors as they wane.

Every word of rapture spoken
In the Antwerp of the past,
The sobs of spirits broken
By joys too keen to last,
Have been garnered in the treasury of love;
The dreams of saints and sages
And the longings of the ages
Come pealing in an anthem from above.

Each quaintly gabled street
Has its note of long ago,
The roof-trees must repeat
All the echoes that they know,
There's a spell that rings from every darkened
door;
And the heart of all the city
Beats with tenderness and pity
When the vesper music summons it once more.

The heavenly power has bound you
With its wings, behind, before,
Beneath you, and around you,
Like the waves upon the shore,
Like the wind that sways the forest in the night,
And in vain you wander, seeking
For the awful voice that's speaking,
For the hand that clasps your spirit with its might.

Thus, in our earthly city,
There is breath of friend and foe,
Of the wise, the strong, the witty,
Of the ages as they flow,

Of the forces of the desert and the sky ;
And we pass our life-time groping,
Waiting, turning, watching, hoping
For the voice that calls us softly from on high.

There are spirits in the air
Who are listening, and yearn
To answer back the prayer
Of the lonely hearts that burn,
Of the eyes that seek in vain to pierce the night ;
And we just can hear them singing
On their way, as they come winging
Through earth's shadow from the universe of light.

DUSTY.

The August street was dusty and the crowd was
moving fast,
For the cloud that filled the western sky had grown
too black to last,
But just as twilight deepened there came a quiver-
ing flash,
And all the chords of Nature's harp seemed burst-
ing in the crash.

When the stormwind poised its surging wings and
the silver stars looked down
Silence and blackness held their feast in the de-
serted town ;
The very midnight held its breath, for it feared
the stones would tell
The legends of old Chaos, which the stones re-
member well.

But where the crimson lamp-light fell on dripping walks below
They flashed it back as clouds of rain flash back
the deathless bow;
Each flagstone turned to jasper, and had a ruby
gleam,
As if it stood in bonding gold beside a crystal
stream,
And the dark, polluted surface became the radiant
floor
Where feet of men can walk in peace, and saints
have walked before.

When the paths of life are dusty, and the hands
of time move slow,
And the wheels are growing rusty with the hours
that come and go,
There's a power in the darkness to shed life's choicest wine;
It sometimes takes a flush of tears to make the
pavements shine.

THE LAWS OF THE GAME.

The pike in the river, the hawk in the sky,
The moth that is drawn to the flame,
The eagle that loses the glint of its eye,
Must die, by the laws of the game.

In ocean and eyrie, in forest and wave,
The rule is forever the same,
The beast that will live and the beast that will save
Must submit to the laws of the game.

Though deep he may dive and though high he
may soar,
Though perfect the poise and the aim,
The moment recurs, and existence is o'er
By the laws of the terrible game.

And what of the man whose existence is frée,
With treasures of reason and will,
Has he force to encounter, and wisdom to see,
And might to surmount and fulfil?

Heredity dogs us, and blemishes balk,
We err, and we stumble, and fail,
And tragical figures of destiny stalk
In the gloom of the terrible vale.

Though wisdom may guide us, and friendship at-
tend,
Though fortune may favor the brave,
There's a power unseen has appointed the end
Of the king, and the sage, and the slave.

There is only one force that is greater than fate,
One power that inspires our breath—
The devotion that watches the home and the state,
The love that is stronger than death.

The joy of the martyr, the bliss of the cross,
The faith that despises the shame,
The hope that survives disappointment and loss,
Are the prize of the infinite game.

ST. MALO.

Tides of spring with power are swelling,
Gray the sky, the clouds fly low,
Out upon the dawn are knelling
All the bells of St. Malo.

Down along the wharves a column
Of the fisher people glides,
Where the steamer, black and solemn,
On the flickering water rides.

Stern they march with movement steady,
Prayerful lips and sober ranks,
Leaving blessed France, and ready
For Newfoundland's fatal banks.

Youthful eyes and maiden graces
Gaze from countenance forlorn ;
Wrinkled cares have marked the faces
Of the mothers, sorrow-worn.

Forth the pilgrim host are led,
Seeking food across the wave,
Winter fires and right to wed.
Faithful hands and spirits brave !

Long the toilful summer's hours
To the women left behind ;
Land to till with feeble powers,
Fruit to garner, sheaves to bind.

Life's rewards are scant and few—
Flickering hearth and humble shed,
Labor in the morning's dew,
Breton cider, barley bread;

Silent prayers in twilight muttered,
Quiet foot-falls at the shrine,
Apprehensions, seldom uttered,
When the sullen evenings shine;

Practiced eyes that watch the dawnings,
Watch the drifting clouds in motion;
Patient hearts that count the mornings,
Longing o'er the endless ocean.

Loftier than the dreams of magic
Lingering at the artist's gate
Are the souls serene and tragic,
Doomed to silence, trained to wait.

May your gloomy northern ocean
Catch the gleam of heaven's bow;
Blessèd be your stern devotion,
Fisherfolk of St. Malo!

THE WHITE PLUME.

There were plumes of white to wave
O'er the helmet of the brave
When the press of battle ringed him in the fray,
And his noble steed arose
Against the wall of foes
As spirited and terrible as they.

There are plumes of white that glance
O'er the beauty in the dance,
When her merry eye is flashing in the light,
 And the echoing air is sweet
 With the rhythm of happy feet,
And music fills the watches of the night.

There are plumes of silver steam
In the steady morning gleam
Over railroad, and power-house, and mill,
 And the dingy brick-work reels
 With the motion of the wheels,
And the dingy forms inside are never still.

They are sweating in the heat,
The machine oil isn't sweet,
And the cinders not poetical at all,
 But the world is vastly brighter
 For the patient furnace lighter
Than for battle, or for tournaiment, or ball.

There are loaves for those who need them,
And books for those who heed them,
(For the school-house bell is ringing on the
 street);
There are comforts for the old,
 And fuel for the cold,
And leather for the restless children's feet.

The farmers all around
Bring more buckwheat to be ground,
And the cattle are increasing on the hill,
 And the list of advertising
 Shows that real estate is rising,
And that carpenters are working with a will.

There's romance and there's devotion
In the ceaseless, steady motion
Of the piston, and the belting, and the fly,
And the steam of the condenser
Is the incense of a censer
To bear the prayers of workingmen on high.

Long live the plume of steam,
With its steady silver gleam,
As radiant and useful as the day;
May the morning's roses meet it,
And the blue of heaven greet it,
And the air of freedom speed it on its way.

THE SHELL ROAD.

Gaily ring the horses' feet
On the roadway's shining reaches,
While the ocean's pulses beat
Softly on the southern beaches.

Tall palmetto, fragrant bay,
Myrtles, oaks and oleanders;
Onward still the winding way
Past the bluffs and eopses wanders.

Shells, by countless millions, shells
Underneath the horses' feet,
Once the myriad rounded cells
Of existence strange and sweet.

Mussel, coral, conch, and pearl,
Nautilus and star-fish gay,
Purple volute, radiant whorl
Carved in patient Nature's way.

Souls by countless millions—souls
In their endless generations;
Souls which built the road which rolls
All the thought of rising nations.

Cave-man—savage strange and old,
With his glimmering intuitions;
Stone age, bronze age, fierce and bold,
Joys and passions and ambitions.

Kings before great Agamemnon,
Heroes, chiefs, inventors, sages,
Ere the power of poet or penman
Came to echo down the ages.

Fierce Egyptian, thoughtful Jew,
Arab sheikhs and Tyrian traders,
Homer's Greeks, and Trojans too,
Patriots, prophets, priests, invaders.

Sappho's lute, Anacreon's lyre
Ringing in the ocean breeze;
Pindar's words that burn like fire,
Thunders of Demosthenes.

Roman, noblest soul of all,
Eye of hawk and hand of steel;
Mystic Druid, ardent Gaul,
Chanting from his chariot wheel.

Franks and Friesians, Saxons, Danes,
Angrivarians, Ampsivarians,
Folk-moot, hosting, jarls and thanes;
Fiercest, wisest of barbarians.

Blood that in our bosom surges,
Thought that all our spirit fills.
See, the bark of Hengist urges:
Hark, the shout of victory thrills.

Churls who faced the Norman foe,
Scots who under Wallace bled,
Lord and vassal, high and low,
Country born and city bred.

O, the threads of countless lives
Braided in this life of ours:-
Sturdy squires and saintly wives
From the shade of minster towers.

Pressing to our western land,
Puritan and pioneer,
Stern and honored forms they stand
At the forge of history here.

Gaily ring the horses' feet
On the road-way's shining reaches,
While the ocean's pulses beat
Softly on the southern beaches.

PSYCHE.

Perfect hush in all the air;
Not a whisper in the trees;
Summer in his treasure ne'er
Garners brighter hours than these.

Lowering lurid, o'er the hill,
Masses deep of livid cloud
Quiver with the bolts that thrill
In the tempest's threatening shroud.

Soaring, in the airy space,
Two gay, golden butterflies,
Floating with a heavenly grace,
Still in hovering spirals rise.

Flashing on the indigo,
Like two sparks of living fire,
Rising from the world below,
Higher yet they press and higher.

Titan masses pile above,
Pregnant with the lightning's breath;
See them there, like dreams of love—
Deathless at the gates of death.

Eyes celestial watch their forms
Through the trackless ether whirled,
Guarded, on the path of storms,
By the hand that rules the world.

PILATE.

Power is real; wealth is real;
See the iron legion stand;
Nothing there of the ideal;—
Now it stirs at my command.

Power to set a world in motion
From the rising of the sun;
Lo, the galley's on the ocean
Ere the summons is begun.

Power to curb a haughty nation,
Power to make the people wait;
See the priest forsake his station,
Bowing humbly at my gate.

Wealth commands refining pleasure,
Days to roam the land and sea,
Hours of sweet reflective leisure,
Hours of high philosophy.

Art Athenian, art Ephesian,
Alabaster, emerald, gold,
Myron's dearest, clearest vision,
Grace of Zeuxis, still untold.

Luxury that no barbarian
Dares to dream of shall be mine,
Gate of bronze and roof of Parian
On the stately Aventine.

Right to face a nation's sages,
Right to serve a nation's gods;
Rising o'er the hurrying ages
Jove above his altar nods.

Vain your dream of eastern magic;
Your philanthropy sublime
Only earns a torture tragic,
Burden of a traitor's crime.

Vain your backward turning vision,
Dreams of David on his throne;
See, the rabbins howl derision;
He who dies must die alone.

What your guerdon, I implore you?
Dying, wretched as a dog,
With a sky of brass before you,
Nailed against the cursèd log.

Will you force the will of Cæsar?
Break the peace of sea and land?
With a lion roaring, he's a
Daring man who lifts a hand.

Youth, with eyes of eastern languor,
Sweet compassion, noble fire,
Free from bitterness and anger,
Seeking heaven with pure desire,

Lo, you stir a Roman's pity.
Quick; your idle dream forsake.
I'll remove you from the city
To your bright Tiberian lake.

There the azure billow slumbers
 Where the roses shed their balm,
 Plashing in melodious numbers
 Underneath the mystic palm.

What can be your strange ambition?
 What the goal of your desire?
 Lo, your nation in contrition,
 Writhing in the temple's fire.

Listen to a Roman's reason.
 Learn compassion, wisdom, ruth;
 Cease the mischief of your treason.
 Galilæan, what is truth?

INDIAN SUMMER.

The autumn suns are southering fast,
 But sunny is the weather,
 And Nature and the human heart
 Draw closer still together—

A pair acquaint with better days
 And thankful for the blessing,
 Content to see the world disrobed,
 And welcome next year's dressing.

The woods are full of sweetest sounds
 For those who pause to listen;
 The streams, unshaded by the leaves,
 In brighter silver glisten,

The squirrel has laid in his hoard
And stops to frisk and chatter,
While winter wads his silken robe,
And makes him look the fatter.

The gentian lifts its eye of blue
To meet the blue above it—
The sweetest flower of all the year
To those who know and love it.

The oak trees sun their purple robes
And shield their humbler vassals ;
Witch hazel haunts the sylvan paths
And shakes its golden tassels.

A dandelion on the bank
Its silken leaves is showing,
As if the winter storms were past
And April breezes blowing.

We better read the signs, and know
How soon the clouds will darkle,
And icicles upon the bough
In silver tissue sparkle.

Like dials still we court the sun
And count the sunny hours,
Nor waste our tears for autumn's sweets
And summer's brighter flowers.

What we have lost is memory's food ;
What we possess is treasure ;
And still we garner sights and sounds
For coming winter's pleasure.

When nights are long and days are dim
 It's pleasant to remember
 Our latest ramble in the woods—
 The gift of bleak November.

“*Ω δῖος αἰδήρω*”.

O air divine, whose magic fills
 The vistas of the distant hills,
 Where faintest blue and violet-gray
 Upon the dreaming summits play,
 And clouds, in long procession, glide
 Above the mountain's purple side!

The shadowing air, that fills the glade
 Beneath the forest's proud arcade,
 Where beechen pillars, gleaming white,
 Support the arch of verdant night,
 And golden sunbeams, piercing keen,
 Reveal the beauty of the scene.
 The solemn firs their music lend,
 The winds in diapason blend,
 And feathered choristers beguile
 The silence of the fretted aisle.

The mighty air, whose pulses fling
 A cushion for the sea-gull's wing,
 Where leaping breakers vainly roar
 Upon the fatal granite shore,
 Or bursting billows backward glide,
 In torrents, from the iceberg's side.
 Again, the wreathing hands of foam
 Beckon a solemn welcome home

Where royal rainbows radiant lie
On clouds that face a clearing sky,
Or myriad dancing dimples smile,
At sunset, round the tropic isle.

The mystic air, whose magic throws
A pearly gleam on Alpine snows,
Where doming masses proudly rear
Their outlines in the ether clear.

At noon, the sharp-cut shadows mark
The dazzling drifts with sapphire dark;
At eve, the dying sun bestows
A dower of burning, blushing rose,
And midnight moons, in mercy given,
Salute the destined bride of heaven.

The radiant air, whose colors play
On Volscian ranges, far away.
The Angelus, at evening, falls
In blessing from the convent walls;
The softened chimie of silver bells
The joy of blessed Mary tells;
Declining rays of sunlight paint
The pathway of the coming saint,
Where beetling limestone cliffs ascend
And melting pinks and lilacs blend—
The mountain bares its sacred breast,
And lets the sunbeams do the rest.

The glorious air, serene and free,
On Ischia's violet-turquoise sea
Where light, arising through the wave,
Transfigures Capri's azure cave.
Oh, is it water, is it air
That melts in silver radiance there?
Combining powers of Nature kiss,
To bathe the soul in sapphire bliss.

The thoughtful air, whose pinions roam
Around San Marco's ancient dome,
Where oriental glories pour
Their treasure on the Adrian shore.
A score of generations rise
In varied pageant to the eyes ;
In jewelled pomp mosaics smile
Along the quaint Byzantine aisle,
And evening incense softly glows
Beneath the window's mystic rose.

The magic air that painters love—
That bore the wings of Raphael's dove
Where heaven's choicest radiance falls
Around Perugia's castled walls,
And rays of vernal beauty shine
Above Assisi's distant shrine.

The air which clasped in crystal sphere
Great Titian's glory, sweet and clear,
And bade Murillo's spirit soar
To regions never known before.
It pours its light of amber keen
On Veronese's noble scene,
And gladly seeks the savage cell
Where proud Salvator loved to dwell.

The tragic air, whose shadows haunt
The darkened visions of Rembrandt,
And lays the crown of victory sweet
At Angelo's triumphant feet.
The air that eases Turner's pain,
That calms the heart of Claude Lorraine
And frames the upward gazing soul
Of Giotto in an aureole.

The tender air, whose pensive glow
Loves the perspectives of Corot,

Where poplar dell and willow isle
Beneath the Norman heavens smile,
Or myrtle sweet and ilex shade
Darken the turf of Nemi's glade.
The Dryad girls forsake their haunts
Beside the classic lake to dance,
And spring, once more returning, thrills
The ancient heart of Alban hills.

The sacred air, whose rising power
Grew conscious in a nobler hour,
When Galilæan fishers come
To seek the holy upper room,
Where solemn silence breathless trod
Before the very face of God.
Hark, how, at once, the bursting gale
Sounds like the tempest in the sail,
Or mountain storms that fiercely sweep
At midnight through the forest deep.
Bright tongues of lucent fire fall
Beneath the eye that watches all,
And burning rapture, once again,
Rests on the brow of sinful men.
Above, the earthly roofs dissolve,
The distant crystal spheres revolve;
Deepening abysses ever shine,
Clearer than light, sweeter than wine.
O Air divine! O Air divine!

THE BRAIN.

There are regions no plummet can sound
In the depths of the pitiless sea,
Where sunlight forever is bound
And terror alone can be free;
Where, under the roots of the mountains
Despair and Eternity kiss,
And Nature grows pale at the fountains
Which fill the remorseless abyss.

There are realms of unthinkable space
Above the bright vault of the skies
Where Infinity veils her dark face
And Reason in hopelessness dies;
Where Creation sits mute by her urn,
And the Morning Stars echo the chime
Which Archangels sing, who return
From the domes that are guiltless of time.

And yet all the spirits declare
That no chasms of existence remain
So unknown to the hosts of the air
As the depths of the marvellous brain;
The brain, with its stress and its strain,
Its weariness, madness, and pain;
The power to bear all the weight of despair
Which is found in the depths of the brain.

The ocean of consciousness sparkles
With light on the crest of each wave,
While beneath it an impotence darkles
To see, and to know, and to save;

In the caverns of memory deep
The visions roam wild at their will
Which only the waters that steep
The poppies of Lethe can still.

There's a dungeon of pitiless Fate
Where Life waxes pallid and wan
And Ignorance closes the gate
On the hopeless condition of man.
Oh, the brain with its stress and its strain,
Its weariness, madness, and pain—
Only God from above with his might and his love
Can enlighten the depths of the brain.

SLEEP SONG.

For those who are suffering and sore,
For those who are weary and weep,
A guest from the infinite shore
Comes the spirit of cradling sleep.

With visions of beauty that bring
Their balm from the isles of the blest,
Where angels in ministry sing
The souls of the tortured to rest;

Where those we have loved and have lost
Await us in fields of delight,
Till the tides of the ether are crossed
And hope has been quickened to sight;

Where the stars of the morning rejoice
In the brightening breast of the skies,
Where the cherubim utter their voice,
The antiphonal seraph replies.

As fresh as the zephyrs that bear
The bird on the winnowing wing
To the limitless regions of air
Where mountains in majesty spring;

As strong as the billows that roll
The form in their beryl abyss,
Where currents of ocean control
And powers of eternity kiss;

As bright as the radiant pearl
That comforts the murmuring shell,
As white as the wings that unfurl
From the wandering nautilus shell;

As soft as the gentle monsoon
That breathes on the Indian isle,
As silent as rays of the moon
On the bowers of Paradise smile;

As fragrant as clouds of perfume
That waft from the altar of gold,
As pure as the joys that consume
The soul with their rapture untold;

As sweet as the dew of the morn
That lights on the lip of the rose,
As clear as the eye of the fawn
Comes the power of perfect respose.

For those who are suffering and sore,
For those who are weary and weep,
A guest from the infinite shore
Comes the spirit of pillowing sleep.

WHERE?

Vivid, vital domes on high,
Quivering founts of heavenly light,
Flashing meteors of the sky
Tell the watches of the night.

Choirs of tuneful stars above
In their robes of diamond dressed,
With the moon, the silver dove,
Circle to the peaceful west.

Still, we know what forces speed
Underneath our silent feet,
How the powers of Nature lead
Where the dawn and darkness meet.

Night's arising curtain shows
Morning's still recurring feast;
All our orbing planet glows
Swift, to seek the fatal east.

Plummets cast by mortal hands
Never reach creation's bars;
Vain our human compass stands
In the whirl of reeling stars.

Up and down, behind, before,
All are lost in gulfs profound;
All the dooms of human law
Faint where chimes immortal sound.

On the road of wheeling spheres,
On the track by thunders trod,
Still we press with doubts and fears
To the judgment throne of God.

SANTA LUCIA.

O'er Ischia far a silver star,
Its radiant blessing signing,
As peaceful guest upon the breast
Of every wave is shining.

Across the bay the purple ray
Of sunset's rose is gleaming;
With fires oppressed, in mighty breast,
Vesuvius is dreaming.

The vapors rise against the skies
Where evening's glories linger;
The stately column, erect and solemn,
Is like a spirit's finger.

Upon the porch before the church
The fisher-folk are kneeling,
While silver-bell with sacred knell
Across the sea is pealing.

Each lip repeats the hymn that beats
In cadence clear and ringing:
“Ye Powers above, respect our love,
And hear our spirits singing.

“Oh, shield each life, so dear to wife,
To sister, child, and mother,
And bring again, through moons that wane,
The husband, son and brother.

“Deliver still from every ill
Where powers of darkness gather;
Protect from harm and night’s alarm
The lover and the father.

“Before the shrine, with light divine,
Our taper shall be burning,
To greet our brave across the wave,
At break of day returning.”

LOUIS QUINZE.

“What a glorious edition—
Like a dandy at a dance
Or a pink of erudition
At the court of Louis Quinze.

“Red morocco! what a binding!
Perfect paper, supple, thin!
Take a look and you’ll be finding
Splendid copper-plates within.

“Perfect gilding, perfect tooling,
Triumph of the bookman’s art!”

“Turn it over, stop your fooling;
Let us see the creature’s heart.

“Grammont? rather sultry reading;
You may keep the painted runyon;
You are welcome to the beading;
Give me half a pound of Bunyan!”

Down he threw the gilded treasure,
And the pages, turning over,
Showed where book-worms, for their pleasure,
Gnawed it through to either cover.

Heartless stuff, befouled, bepuddled;
Like a gay gallant who sails
Velvet coated, powdered, fuddled,
Down the terrace at Versailles.

RANZ DES VACHES.

On high, facing the sky,
Afar, facing the star,
Stands the mountain,
The fountain broods o’er waters that leap,
From the fatal steep.

Dimly seen, gathering sheen.
Keen and white, pregnant with light,
Glows the morning;
The east still dreams of visions that rest
In the peaceful west.

Founts of love stream from above,
Feasts of light flame with delight
Ever burning,
The day-spring chants of powers that kiss
In the vast abyss.

Fierce the strife, darkness and life,
While the world onward is whirled,
Swift and fatal.
The hour is hailed by spirits that sing
On their rainbow wing.

THE NAME OF THE TUNE.

Brightly shines the mistletoe
On the tavern's ancient rafter;
Lads and lasses all aglow,
Gaily rings the pealing laughter.

Merry flies the rigadoon
Down the sides and up the middle,
Following the plaintive tune
Of the gray-beard's rosined fiddle.

“Father,” says the Colleen Bawn,
Pausing by his tired shoulder,
“Why at Christmas so forlorn?”
“You will know when you are older.”

Softer, now, the gentle flame
Of the eyes with beauty glancing:
“Father, tell us, what's the name
Of the tune that keeps us dancing?”

In the faded eye a dew,
On the withered lip a quiver:
"Heart of gold and flowers of blue—
Underneath the snow forever."

PORTRAGE.

The sun hovers low in the west,
The snow mist is over the vale,
The smooth flowing waters arrest
The light with a radiance pale.

They mirror in silver the hills
That round them in ermine arise,
And echo the rapture that thrills
The answering heart of the skies.

They linger in visions of bliss,
Aware of the currents that urge
Their flow to the Powers that kiss
The foam-frozen lips of the gorge.

One instant of beryl and pearl,
One instant of emerald gleam,
And the nymphs of the forest unfurl
Their shroud o'er the fall of the stream.

The hemlocks, encrusted in snow,
Are muttering under their breath,
And bend o'er the terrors below
Where the river encounters its death.

A gap in the forest reveals
The waters that whirl to the sea,
Ere the gloom of the chasm conceals
The fate of the bright Genesee.

GARLANDS.

Who comes under the trees, seeking my quiet gate,
Bright as murmur of bees where the sweet roses
wait?

Pardon. Enter my garden.
Flowers are blooming for you to-day.

Garlands hang in the door, garlands are on the
wall;
Bright mosaic the floor, where the soft fountains
fall.

Shining ivy is twining,
Gay as myrtle in merry May.

Bring your cheerfulness lute strung with the
Grecian chord,
I've my pleasantest flute where the sweet notes are
stored.

Waters clear as the daughters
Of the nymphs will repeat the lay.

Swiftly moments will fly under the vine above,
Till eve flushes the sky, soft as a Lesbian dove.
Gleaming clouds will be beaming,
Stars will welcome the close of day.

Eastern incense is sweet, crowning the flickering
fire,
Gay the tact of the feet, ringing with sweet desire.
Dancing is most entrancing
Where the echoing music whirls.

Short the day at the best, night will descend too
soon,
Then we'll quietly rest, watching the rising moon.
Ringing echoes the singing
Raised by voices of merry girls.

REST.

When silent dusk succeeds the eager sun,
Notes of sweet comfort fall from dewy trees
To show that kindly Nature is at ease,
Her labors ended and her banquet done,
The grateful guests departing, one by one,
To nest in leafy covert; and one sees
The gentle current of the evening breeze
Rock the light cradles of repose begun.
In the vast temple of the sombre night
They feel no lightest fear or touch of care,
Assured that heavenly watchmen, waiting there,
Will trim the guardian lamps of starry light.
Oh, that each weary heart, to-night, could rest
Its weary thought in so composed a nest.

VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

Still is the gloaming,
Silent the room;
Sparrows are homing
Where cornices loom.

Newsboys are calling,
Shadows are brown,
Evening is falling
Over the town.

Gaslight is glancing
Under the trees,
Branches are dancing
Soft in the breeze.

Voices are laughing
Out in the park,
People are chaffing
There, in the dark.

Kindly hands playing
Over the way,
On the keys straying
With thoughts of to-day.

Footsteps belated
Sauntering by,
Young people, mated,
Watching the sky.

Stars, that are gleaming
 Softly above,
Set the world dreaming
 Of nonsense or love.

Old people thinking
 Thoughts of the past,
Evermore linking
 This world with the last

Fears that are banished,
 Joys that have flown,
Lives that are vanished
 Out of their own.

Thousands of hearts
 Dream of to-morrow,
Conning their parts
 Of pleasure or sorrow.

Footsteps of gladness,
 Eyes of delight,
Memories of sadness,
 Voices of night.

CENTRAL PARK.

Where'er my wandering feet are led
 Her gentle form will glide,
As faithful as the blessed dead,
 Forever at my side.

I hail each dear, familiar seat,
Our shelter in the noon;
The vista where our eyes would meet
The rising of the moon.

This spot among the ancient trees
Is where we stopped to hear
The moaning of the sobbing breeze—
The birds that triumphed clear.

Each nook recalls some word she said,
Some smile, some bit of verse,
Our musings when the clouds were red,
The stories we'd rehearse.

We talked of May dews, pattering cool;
Of robins, as they slake
Their thirst in the refreshing pool;
Of lights that lit the lake;

Lilacs, wistarias in May,—
Heaven's bounty to us all;
The steady hand that cleared away
The withered leaves in fall;

The boulder, with its mystery;
The sheep, with patient bleat;
The child, with budding history
And eager, hopeful feet.

Dear park, with lawns and cool arcades,
How many a memory weaves
Its brightest hours, its darkest shades
Among your murmuring leaves!

Full many a troth is plighted here,
And many a friend must part,
And many a story, bright or drear,
Lurks in your silent heart.

Ten generations hence you still
Will smile as fair as now,
Returning birds will seek your hill
And starlight crown your brow.

THE BOWERY.

The Bouwerie! the Bouwerie!
In Stuyvesant's time was fair to see.
The old Dutch poplars were on the road,
And black hens cackled and roosters crowed,
And the windmills turned, and they made the hay,
And milked the cows in the Holland way.
And when Sunday came the Holland girls
With bows on their caps and flaxen curls
Came walking out from New Amsterdam
With Jan, and Hendrick, and Dirck, and Ram,
And all the world loved it—because, you see,
It was Pieter Stuyvesant's bouwerie.

Now the cable-car rushes behind your back,
And the "L" train thunders along its track,
And shops about you are always bright,
With sun by day or electric light,
And all the world of the great east side
Is pouring in with its restless tide,
And never ceases—because, you see,
There are things to buy on the Bowery.

There are Germans, Roumanians not a few,
The thoughtful Russian, the bright-eyed Jew,
The Chinaman with his shuffling feet,
Italians from Elizabeth street,
The working girl with her gentle grace,
The haggard walker with painted face,
The confidence man, who smiles just the same,
The bloated drunkard with eyes of flame,
The cunning sharper, the bruiser wild,
The tired mother who tends the child,
The workman who staggers beneath his load
While the gambler shoves him from the road—
A pity it is; but then, you see,
There's many another Bowery.

The Bowery, the Bowery!
There are Hebrew theatres there to see,
For wherever Abraham's sons are whirled
Their mind still turns to the old, old world;
There is noble David, and Solomon wise,
And Esther dear, with her dove-like eyes,
And people love them; because, you see,
There are thoughts of God on the Bowery.

THE BREEZE.

The breeze that sways the poplar trees, and sets
them all in motion,
With ruffs of white that make the leaves more
radiantly green;
That sets the silver clouds adrift upon the azure
ocean
With pearl and sapphire harmonies where angel
wings are seen.

The breeze that makes the ripples laugh upon the
rapid river,
Where all the moths are wonderful and butter-
flies are gay,
Where dragon-flies in armor-plate of blue and pur-
ple quiver,
And speckled trout are leaping where the golden
shadows play.

The breeze that rocks the downy nests where robin
hearts are dreaming
Of rapture which can never fill the anxious
hearts of men,
When all the world is symphony, and all the ether's
gleaming
Because the summer comes to cheer the dreary
earth again.

The breeze that blows the bees about among the
sunny flowers
When basking blossoms bloom their best beneath
the skies of June,
When lily heads are nodding light to greet the
sunny hours,
And all the garden's walks repeat the fountain's
silvery tune.

The breeze that cools my lady's cheek and sets the
dimples dancing,
That wafts the ruffles of her throat, the ripples
of her hair;
The cunning breeze that knows the trick of art-
fully enhancing
The loveliest of lovely things in all the realms
of air.

FISTULA AMERICANA.

Sicilian Muses blessed the shade
Of many a spirit-haunted glade
Where shepherds, on the mountain side,
Saw the swift, silver streamlets glide,
Or paused, amid their labors sweet,
To view the plains beneath their feet.
No sylvan reed, no oaten pipe
Sounds, where our harvests beckon ripe,
As once where *A*Etna's runnels ran ;
Yet every true American
Takes music's wine in thoughtful sips
With wary, rarely opened, lips.
The workman plies his morning chisel
And wakes the shop with cheerful whistle,
Or falls into a minor strain
To test his edge and set his plane.
The mower, straightening from his task,
Echoes the note when blue birds ask
The riddle which our mother Nature
Puts to each reasoning human creature,
Where engines thunder far below
The grimy stokers whistling go ;
The whistle cheers the mighty sons
Of war beside their thundering guns,
And mingles with the bounding breeze
Which bears the sailor o'er the seas.
The weary mourner, pacing slow,
Repeats the tune *she* used to know,
Or wakens, in the morning calm,
To dream the half-forgotten psalm.
And when the farmer, in the night,
Returning, sees his window-light,

Thinks of the steps that haste to meet him—
Of the dear eyes that shine to greet him—
No softer note was ever played
For Amaryllis in the shade.

SLEEP AND DEATH.

Dear brother Sleep, I pray thee lie
Close at my side; thy quiet eye
Shall cool my lids; thy hand shall rest
Like magic on my troubled breast.
And harken, if our brother Death
Shall pass this way, as Sibyl saith,
Call softly to him; let him fling
The shadow of his purple wing
Across me. Thus, without a sigh,
'Twere sweet in Death's own arms to die.

THE SONG OF THE SAW.

There's heft, and there's temper, and such,
Which come when the instrument's made;
Set the teeth not too little or much,
And don't bear your weight on the blade.

Oak lumber is different from pine,
And sap-wood is softer than dry;
Look out for the knots and the line,
And measure the lengths with your eye.

It isn't in sweating and hurry,
It isn't in bother and pain,
For reason is better than worry
As sunshine is better than rain.

You may hack till your temples will throb,
And you're nothing but sinew and bone—
It takes reason to wind up the job,
And leave you some time of your own.

I think that the parson has said,
(And the weight of the sermon I'll own),
That faith without works is but dead,
And that works will not kindle alone.

You never can run all creation;
The shay isn't eyes for the hoss;
Keep up with the sense of the nation,
But don't try to bully the boss.

Leave heaven to care for the sinner,
And mercy to temper the law;
Do the best of your work before dinner,
And don't leave the rust on your saw.

FORTUNE'S WHEEL.

The sun had passed behind a cloud,
A gentle air was breathing,
A cat bird warbled clear and loud
Where clematis was wreathing.

There came a little puff of sound,
A sort of gentle frisking,
As if a bird were hovering round
Or pretty mice were frisking.

And then a glimpse too fair to last;
For, ere the eye could steal
A second glance, she flitted past—
Miss Fortune on her wheel.

Misfortune's no cognomen, though,
For such a lovely vision;
'Twere treason, sure, to use it so—
At very least misprision.

Loyal to Nature we must be,
Our ever kindly teacher,
With dear rewards for those who see
Her work in every creature—

And most of all in her who came
To crown the life of Adam;
If Nature is our gentle Dame,
Then Eve was surely Madam.

But this Miss Fortune was a Miss,
And nothing could resist her—
A gleam, a flower, a joy, a bliss,
A woman and a sister.

A pretty foot, a little hand,
A whiff of subtle fragrance,
A boon to those who roam the land
As ramblers and as vagrants.

Music will wake where'er she goes
(For music must delight her)
To pluck the thorn from every rose
And make some home the brighter.

A memory of delight she seems
Each woe on earth to heal.
To-night she'll mingle in my dreams
Sweet Fortune, on her wheel.

AN EVENING PARTY.

Was ever ghost so blest as I?
In shades of twilight stalking,
Two cheerful nymphs came tripping by
And took me off a-walking.

Was it my star's enchanting bands?
Was it some fairy giver?
They took me by their merry hands,
And led me o'er the river.

And one was dark, and one was brown,
And both of them were laughing,
And so we wandered from the town
With just a little chaffing.

Was there a bridge? I cannot tell;
I did not watch the going.
The sunset I remember well,
And that a breeze was blowing.

But nymphs, you know, have rainbow wings,
And ghosts, though gray and dismal,
Sometimes go off on frisks and swings
Through depths of air abysmal.

The sky was full of sunset clouds
In sunset glory radiant,
Which made us think of jolly crowds
Invited to a pageant.

A sort of general carnival
'Neath solar chandeliers,
To trip it lightly at the ball
With music of the spheres.

Their cloaks were made of satin gray
With crimson velvet lining;
They hurried to the gates of day
With faces bright and shining.

The water mirrored all the show
In crystal fair and beaming,
Which made another heaven below,
As if the earth were dreaming.

And there upon the western sky
A silver star was glowing,
To cheer us with its kindly eye—
A look of peace bestowing.

It promised it would watch by night
And welcome us to-morrow,
When dawn returned with rosy light
To make an end of sorrow.

—If any ghost is glum, and limps,
And feels inclined to shiver,
He'd better find a pair of nymphs
To guide him o'er the river.

THE CORN.

'Twas my third year of wedded life,
And yonder, on the hill,
I sojourned with my child and wife,
Where we are farming still.

We lived as plain as we could live
And rose before the light,
But somehow, nothing seemed to give
The profit that was right.

I'd mortgage interest to keep down,
And other bills to meet,
Until I'd hate to come to town
And see folks on the street.

I'd fifteen acres laid to corn—
I own it was a risk;
I tried it as a hope forlorn
To make the payments brisk.

I had to sell my choicest cow,
Although we needed milk;
I loved the beast, I will allow,
With coat as smooth as silk.

And then the weather turned to dry,
Without a drop of rain;
I'd watch that yellow western sky
Again, and still again.

At last the babe began to pine,
And Rachel answered mild,
The Lord might take the corn and wine,
But let her keep the child.

The mossy stones were red as rust,
No water in the ditch,
As Scripture says, 'twas brimstone dust,
And all the streams were pitch.

One morning, leaning on the hoe,
I saw some water clear
Shining upon the corn below;
Maybe it was a tear.

Just then the stalks began to nod
And rustle; I'll be sworn,
I thought it was the breath of God
A-stirring in the corn.

The air was fresh upon my face
And sweet upon my mouth,
And then the wind began to race,
Like horses, from the south.

I looked; the sky was growing white
And softening above,
Like Rachel's eye of patient light,
A melting down in love.

At noon the rain began to fall,
And lasted through the night.
You might have seen the corn grow tall
Before your very sight.

The drops came down as straight as lead
And not in gusts and showers,
And every hill of corn was fed
Through all the blessed hours.

And in the cooling evening air
The babe was sleeping sweet,
And Rachel, she would smooth his hair
And tuck his little feet.

So, when the dawn came, bright and clear,
And sweet with morning showers,
There never was a house so dear
As that old place of ours.

I've hauled full many a load of care
And sorrow, since that morn,
But, somehow, God was always there,
A-rustling in the corn.

THE CLINIC.

As snowy as the sea-washed shell,
As polished as the perfect fane
Of bright Diana's inmost cell
The walls of porcelain shine again.

A hidden source of fervent heat
Distributes warmth to every part,
As vital as the drops that beat
In pulses from a maiden's heart.

The chastened daylight in a flood
Pours through the lofty windows fair,
As if the very eye of God
Were resting on the table there.

Around, in endless order, stand
The treasures of Invention high,
More subtle than the softest hand
And keener than the clearest eye.

Oh, not, for torture, not for pain,
The probe, the saw, the lance, the knife,
To test the pulse of every vein,
And fathom all the springs of life.

In robes of white the doctors wait
As priests that watch a sacred shrine,
Attending the decrees of fate
And ministers of love divine.

For these are hands well fit to hold
The brush, the chisel, and the pen,
Whose every stroke draws pounds of gold
Or stirs the rapturous thought of men.

Duty and science never shirk,
When nature faints and need is sore;
These men are doing butcher work
For one they never knew before,

The leper's woes belong to God,
And they are toiling now, as He
Who once the path of sorrow trod
With fisher-folk by Galilee.

Blest anaesthesia's work is o'er,
The elevator's ropes arise,
And on the tranquil upper floor
The *corpus vile* safely lies.

The latest rays of evening blend,
A hush of peace is on the place,
And kerchiefed maidens meekly bend
To wipe the negro's ashen face.

Sharper than the two-edged sword,
To pierce the hidden depths of sin,
The mystic power of the Word
Explores the thought of man within.

Oh, when the woes of life are o'er,
And when we lift our darkened eyes,
May we behold the blessed shore,
Where saints await in paradise.

THE EVE OF SALAMIS.

O Salamis, O Salamis, the island fair and free,
The very joy of heaven and earth, the jewel of
the sea;
The shores the Nereids love to grace with their be-
witching charms,

The cliffs the awful Tritons reared aloft with
mighty arms;
The little isle that dared the foe with all his bar-
barous odds
And sheltered on her sacred soil our fathers and
our gods;
The refuge of the wanderer, the hope of the op-
pressed,
Who clasped the mother and the child on her pro-
tecting breast—
May great Poseidon shield thee well and bid thy
sorrows cease,
To crown thy walls with victory, thy palaces with
peace.

O Attica, O Attica, our mother country dear,
Which all the months conspire to bless through-
out the circling year,
The land that dear Athene shields beneath her
azure dome,
Where every hero found of old his most familiar
home;
The land Apollo loves to bless with all his radiance
fair,
Where every temple stands revealed in most pel-
lucid air,
Where Naiads seek the shady dells and speed the
crystal streams,
Where cloudlets float across the sky like raptures
in our dreams,
Where sweetest echoes haunt the rocks, where fra-
grance fills the vale,
Where ring-doves nest in balmy woods and call
the nightingale,

Where bright cascades from mossy cliffs descend
in radiant rills,
To water glowing hyacinths and golden daffodils,
Where mountains melt in rainbow hues and lure
the sunset down,
Where sister summits link the land within a violet
crown,
Where every hill-side shields the graves of fathers
brave and free
And the great ghosts of Marathon watch by the
sounding sea—
May Zeus almighty hear our cry, and bend in pity-
ing ruth
To shower on thy wasted shores the treasures of
thy youth!

Two thousand thousand myrmidons, the cruelest
of foes,
Have trampled into bloody mire the lily and the
rose;
Where once the altar's fire was seen, where once
the harvest smiled,
Grim famine gnaws his withered lip and glares on
ruin wild.
No sculptured architrave is seen, no marble
columns stand
Where once a hundred palaces adorned a gracious
land.
The smoke of burning cities floats, a melancholy
pall,
Above the happy fields which gave our life, our
love, our all.

The satrap spreads his gilded tent, the plumed assassin roves
Where once Athene's shrine appeared in Erechthean groves,
And wisdom fair has left her home among the olive trees,
To find a shelter in the brow of great Themistocles.

O monstrous mass of barbarous ships! O portent vast and fell,
The spawn of every eastern wharf, the harbingers of hell!
Where Moloch's death-fires light the mast, where Baal's prophets ban,
Where Isis and Osiris blast the thought of free-born man,
Where horrid ensigns flaunt the skies and threaten hideous strife,
Where bloody tyranny defies the hope of Grecian life—
May heaven and earth accept the gage and rise in all their might
To hurl the demon back again in deepest shades of night;
May storm and tempest speed our barks, may flashing bolts be hurled,
May victory crown Themistocles and save the darkened world!

THE PILLAR OF FIRE.

The radiance of the western sun fell in a crimson
flood,
And Sinai's sandstone masses glowed like sacri-
ficial blood—
Each crag and pinnacle revealed against the vio-
let sky,
As if no cloud had ever hid that crest from human
eye.

A solemn silence filled the air—a silence that was
heard;
No palm tree fanned its weary frond, no blade of
grass was stirred,
The desert broom was still as death upon the heated
sand,
The presence of an awful power was brooding o'er
the land.

Above the altar rose the smoke upon the ether calm,
As soars the cypress o'er the spot where roses shed
their balm.
All hearts were hushed, all lips were stilled, and,
each beside his tent,
The hosts of mighty Israel in adoration bent.

The darkness fell. The mystic cloud above the
holy shrine
Revealed a heart of fire and glowed with radiance
divine,
Then, like a fount of light it rose above the shad-
owed earth,
As angels, from their mission, seek the heaven of
their birth.

Swift as an eagle's cry the trumps alarmed the silent air;
No time there was for doubt or fear, and scarce a time for prayer.
Each Levite seeks his sacred task, the golden columns fall,
The pictured veil enfolds the ark in emblematic pall.

No sound of tumult stirs the camp, but, moved by power divine,
Each household strikes its tent, each tribe is found in solemn line,
Jehovah's presence leads the way, and towards the appointed north,
The marshalled nation's bannered hosts pour like a river forth.

God calls the muster of the stars, unknown to mortal ears,
And, at the summons, every orb upon his post appears,
Each starry spirit trims his lamp, each knows his ancient name,
And on the darkening breast of night is seen the very same;
Arcturus rears his sceptre high, and, clad in robes of day,
A million suns in order stand along the milky way.

Thus, every Hebrew feels the thrill of Moses' guiding rod,
And in the pillared splendor sees the very hand of God.

The calm of age, the zeal of youth advance with
even pace,
And light eternal seals the hope on each uplifted
face.

“Farewell to Sinai, whence the Law pealed forth
with power sublime,
The voice which calls us now shall ring through
all the vaults of time,
Farewell to freedom’s early days, farewell the des-
ert sand,
The light that guides our ransomed feet shall lead
from land to land.

“No thought of harvests left unreaped, of labors
left undone,
The hand that gives the manna is the hand that
holds the sun.
Where’er the radiant cloud shall rest our banners
shall be furled,
The God who called our fathers is the God who
owns the world.”

THE OLD SCHOOL DAYS.

We like to think of other times when all the world
was brighter,
When all the boys were sociable, and all the
girls were gay,
When winter cheeks were ruddier and summer
mornings lighter,
And it took a dozen perfect hours to make an
average day.

Some leaden skies there were, no doubt, but those
we don't remember;
The little frets and bothers that never stopped
the play;
The afternoons were bright enough throughout
the short November,
And all the perfect bliss of life was crowded into
May.

The summer flowers were fairer far, the autumn
fruits were sweeter,
And sleep was so delightful that morning came
too soon;
The birds were singing all the day their own pecu-
liar metre
Until the blushing sunset came to greet the ris-
ing moon.

The winter snow was pure and white—just made
to pelt and tumble;
It really seemed as warm as wool and always
came to stay;
And overshoes were nuisances—you never had to
stumble
Along the sloppy, dreary roads as people do to-
day.

And, oh, the joys of chestnutting—the crashing
of the branches,
The shrieks of girlish ecstasy, the shouts of boy-
ish fun.
We danced upon the russet burrs like Choctaws and
Comanches,
Until the shower began again, and lasses had
to run.

And even school was not so bad, in spite of imperfections;
The benches were not always hard, nor teachers always glum;
And then there came the bright recess, the sociable refections
We used to munch, until the bell would bid the loiterers come.

And think! the eyes we used to watch, the hands that used to greet us,
The battered hats that twirled aloft, the laughs that used to ring;
What golden light descended on the forms that came to meet us,
As we started on our homeward way like birds upon the wing.

Thank Heaven for children growing up as turbulent as ever,
For sweeter voices left to sing the songs we left unsung,
For boys as true and mischievous and girls as sweet and clever
As in the perfect times of old when all of us were young.

WESTERN ATHENS.

Fair are the azure skies that glance
Above the vine-clad slopes of France,
Where storied pinnacles look down
Upon the cheerful modern town,

And silent forms of history meet
The passer on the sunny street.

Fair are the villages that shine
Upon the banks of Father Rhine,
Where, from the crags, the castles gaze,
Grim, through the golden river haze,
And quaintest gables from on high
Nod to the barges drifting by.

Fairest of all, the towns that lave
Their walls in the Italian wave;
Where Tasso's laureled spectre roves
Through sweet Sorrento's orange groves,
And old Amalfi's towers smile
Upon the Siren's fateful isle.

No shades historic come to crown
Our quiet Pennsylvania town;
No tragic whisper fills the breeze
That stirs the peaceful maple trees.
Four generations scarce are sped
Since the last Indian warrior fled
And left our ancestors to rear
Their cabins by the waters clear;
A stalwart race of sober men
To speed the realm of godly Penn,
And bid the tasseled harvest wave,
A requiem o'er the sachem's grave.
A simple people, but they brought
The lessons by the Saxons taught
Of lofty freedom's noble mood
And fealty to the public good;

The steady hand, the silent tongue,
The rustic schoolhouse for the young,
The eye of Duty stern, which saw
No happiness without the law,
And Self-Denial's quiet face
To watch the progress of the race.
Soon, o'er the trees, the churches rise
To point the toiler to the skies,
And silver chimings softly fill
The echoes of each ancient hill.

Hail to our western Athens; hail
The town that crowns the fruitful vale!
May Peace and Labor, hand in hand,
Bestow their blessing on the land,
While Susquehanna's waters sweep
In silence to the distant deep.

PERFUME.

Pour us, O Nature, your treasure of fragrance,
Child of the sunlight and guest of the air,
Shed from the blossoms where humming-bird va-
grants
Pilfer the sweets of the chalices fair.

Trumpets of bloom where the honey-dew lingers,
Myrtles whose soul we can never forget,
Pinks softly flushed by the dawn's rosy fingers,
Pendant acaeia and sweet mignonette.

Heliotrope dear as the love of a maiden,
 Lilies bright freaked with the gold of their heart,
 Orange buds fresh from the gardens of Aden,
 Masses of lilacs where honey bees dart.

Violets faint from the forehead of Hera,
 Hyacinths glowing from Latmos's cave,
 Breezes of balm as the shipman draws nearer,
 Speeding his bark on Arabia's wave.

Cypresses framing some vision of Sappho's,
 Hedges of box from the Palatine hill,
 Tangles of sweets from Cythera and Paphos,
 Where Venus's amaranth blooms at its will.

Spices of Borneo, gums of Sumatra,
 Breath of the ocean and glint of the isle,
 Lotus that blossomed when once Cleopatra
 Swept in her barge o'er the waves of the Nile.

Roses of Hafiz bedewed by the fountain,
 Where nightingales answered the notes of the
 dove,
 Jasmine that waved on Himâlyah's mountain,
 When Shah Jehan roved at the side of his love.

Cinnamon burning in domes of Benares,
 Sandal wood sweet from the shrines of Cathay,
 Oberon's gift to his legion of fairies,
 When night quickens clear to the eyes of the
 day.

Daphnes all white with the snows of the ages,
Garlands still fragrant in memory's hands,
Blossoms pressed softly in history's pages,
Joy of all nations and light of all lands.

Pour us, O Nature, your treasure of fragrance,
Child of the sunlight and guest of the air,
Shed from the blossoms where humming-bird va-
grants
Pilfer the sweets of the chalices fair.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Kind Nature laid upon his eyes
Her fingers cool with rainbow dew,
And, looking up in glad surprise,
He saw a world forever new.

'As when his fresh-born Adam, laid
On fragrant Eden's sacred sod,
Looks awe-struck, dumb, but not dismayed,
Upon the very face of God.

The brother-cherubs wondering stand
To watch their Maker's purpose dark,
As, heart to heart and hand to hand,
He gives his son the master-spark.

Creation, thus, in sudden blaze,
Met Angelo's astonished view,
Majestic nights, triumphant days,
The strange, the beautiful, the true.

Whatever met his senses keen,
His visualizing power could keep,
As sharp as fate on Memory's screen
And garnered in her caverns deep.

Beneath that Roentgen ray the skin
Of man became as glass—he saw
The temple of the bones within,
The tendon's force, the muscle's law,

The arching palace of the brain,
The will that holds supreme control,
The love that stirs, the fears that strain,
The tides that sway the human soul.

Beneath his hand of fiery power,
The solemn bronze, in quickening pain,
Melted like wax a single hour,
Then stood forever bronze again.

The radiant wall in beauty blushed,
The prophets glowed with rapture meet,
The rising dead were awed and hushed
Beneath their Judge's burning feet.

Swelling to meet the heaven above,
Arose St. Peter's mighty dome,
Surging, as with a spirit's love,
To heal the wreck of pagan Rome.

HOTEL DIEU.

Three o'clock, and all is well
In the halls of God's Hotel.
Softly now the echoes play
From the churches far away,
With a message stern and sweet,
Over many a slumbering street.
Up and down the nurses go
Through the aisles of human woe;
No emotion, not a word,
Scarce the quiet step is heard,
But the pillow'd faces greet
Steady hand and noiseless feet,
Medicine and anodyne,
Sorrow's balm and torture's wine.

There's another figure there,
Dark as midnight, light as air;
Where she looks, the shivers pass
O'er the forehead like a glass:
Where she halts a deeper frown,
Draws the sleeping eyelids down.
Starting sweat and quivering vein—
Softly, softly, Madam Pain.

See the doctor, old and gray,
Coming down the fatal way,
Pausing where the watchlight falls,
In a halo on the walls,
Like a benediction shed
On the quiet sufferer's head.

Here's no trouble—just a trace
Of exhaustion in the face;
Waxen hands that softly rest,
Folded, on the peaceful breast.
Scarce you hear that faintest breath—
“Thank you, kindly, Doctor Death.”

ALLEGRO MA NON TROPPO.

Crepusculum, (the word, in Latin,
Implies a time to chirp and teeter),
When Eastern skies are gray as satin
And sparrows practice all their metre.

The drowsy swallows try to smother
Their yawns in most mellifluous tones,
While each bird chides his sleepy brother
And scolds him for a lazy-bones.

Then comes a rain of music, slipping,
In casnal dew-drops from the grove,
While choristers, their nectar sipping,
Awake from dreams of heaven and love.

And when the whitening morning star,
Has faded o'er the solemn hills,
The robin wakes his light guitar,
And tunes his pipe of various quills.

Robins, proportionally, take
Food for a dozen average mortals;
Think of the red blood it must make
To surge through the aorta's portals!

For wings require more force than feet;
 Angelic food must be supporting;
And with it comes the music sweet,
 The eager notes and thoughts transporting.

So Shelley's sky-lark is quite true.
 We don't conceive or dream the rapture
Of him who mounts the heaven's blue
 Beyond the earth and fear of capture.

The joy, the peace, the bliss, the love
 With which each feathered bosom flutters,
While fields of azure wait above
 And Nature all its mystery utters.

But when the breath of ardent noon
 Is resting on the leafy bowers,
The birds prefer to rest and spoon
 Beneath the shade, in languid hours.

The oriole may hang her nest
 On lofty elm—but what's the use?
Better to seek the calm, and rest
 Beneath the covert of the spruce.

Her orange breast is very gay,
 But pride like that repels and shocks;
There's sober wisdom every day
 For those who con the insect stocks.

Grasshopper's firm, but grubs are low,
And moths inspire a general dizziness.
Better the mining shares, which show
A flush of worms and general business.

So, gathering in the gloom alone,
They check their accents soft and fleet,
While Summer gently wards her own
Through hush of air and pressing heat.

When evening mounts her gorgeous throne,
And roses flush the melting west,
A sweet, delightful monotone
Of calm prevails in every breast.

A vesper hymn is on the air
And fills the ether with its blessing,
While spirits climb the golden stair,
To witness nature's great undressing.

The last sweet thoughts of joy and love
With dreamy notes the grove are thrilling,
And gentle twilight broods above,
Its dew of genial hope distilling.

Keep, glorious stars, the watch on high,
While fluttering bosoms softly rest;
There's power in the midnight sky
To guard the robin's silent nest.

YANKEE DOODLE.

Yankee Doodle kept a school
To make his children handy;
"Set the best to teach the rest,"
Said Yankee Doodle dandy.

"Come to school and mind the rule,
For that will make you handy,
Never fight unless you're right,"
Said Yankee Doodle dandy.

"Washington he led his class,
And how was Master Andy
Jackson down at New Orleans?"
Said Yankee Doodle dandy.

"Keep at work, when others shirk,
Never mind the candy,
That's the way to make the hay,"
Said Yankee Doodle dandy.

Once the boys they had a fight,
Between the hours of schooling,
Yankee he picked up his stick
And went to stop the fooling.

"Grant and Sherman can't be beat,
And Lee is pretty plucky,
Never have a fight again,
And then we'll call it lucky."

“Massachusetts rather tough,
 Jersey pretty sandy;
Farmer stuff is good enough,”
 Said Yankee Doodle dandy.

“Old Virginny never tire,
 Georgia spick and spandy,
Just a little southern fire,”
 Said Yankee Doodle dandy.

“This 'ere yard is plenty wide
 Enough for average showing,
Never mind the boys outside,
 Unless they take to blowing.”

“Just bring in the Philippines
 And teach them to be handy,
That is all the lesson means,”
 Said Yankee Doodle dandy.

“Come to school and mind the rule,
 For that will make you handy.
Never fight unless you're right,”
 Said Yankee Doodle dandy.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

A burst of silver radiance starts
 Beneath the winter sun;
Three thousand listening, breathless hearts
 Are beating here as one.

Each with its dower of life or grief,
Like priestesses who wait,
Crowned with the rose or cypress leaf,
Before the cave of Fate.

And then a living, countless tide
Of ringing, swaying notes
Comes, as in spring the breezes glide
To wake the robins' throats.

Each leaf repeats the conscious bliss,
Each fragrant blossom thrills,
The rosy Hours and Graces kiss
The breast of ancient hills.

A pause—a solemn, magic voice
Is echoing soft and mellow,
A thousand woes, a host of joys
Blend in the mighty 'cello.

The poet's note that soars above,
Or art's supreme magician,
The voice that floats on wings of love
To greet the mounts of vision.

The cry that rings to clouds on high,
That wakes the dewy dell,
While sky-larks listen, as they fly,
To one who knows their spell.

A single soul can mirror all,
The power of human passion—
The Prophet, with the skill to thrall
Creation's fleeting fashion.

Softer and softer the refrain
Is swaying like a censer;
The rippling violins complain
With rapture still intenser.

Thus Nature wakes our fainting soul
With her divinest pleading,
And brings the comfort and control
Of blessed spirits speeding.

She sounds the depths of mortal woe
Through countless generations,
And answers burning souls that glow
In their appointed stations.

THE RIVER.

Gentle river, laughing river,
Sky reflector, verdure giver,
Waving branches at thy side,
Bow to thank the nurturing tide,
Pendant wreaths of blossoms sip
Nectar with their fragrant lip;
Velvet-breasted swallows skim
Where the dimpling sunbeams swim,
Where the placid waters smile,
Circling round the peaceful isle.

Dappled fawns and timid deer
Gather at thy fountains clear,
Where the forest shadows play
On the mountains far away.

Swooping gulls on pinion free
Wait thy coming at the sea,
Where the rising breakers roar,
Hoarse upon the rock-bound shore,
Where the endless line of foam
Gives the solemn welcome home.

Past is all the changeful strife,
Past the dreams of sunny life,
Ne'er again the bark shall flash,
Ne'er again the oar shall splash,
Tower and town no more shall gleam,
Flickering in the crystal stream.

Child of sea-born clouds, return
To the Naiad's natal urn,
Blest and blessing was thy course,
Free from trouble and remorse,
Speed to taste the ecstasy
Of the vast eternity.
Softly kiss the golden sand,
Softly quit the sheltering land,
Die without a sob or shiver,
Gentle river, peaceful river!

GAZEL OF HAFIZ.

No roses are ever so fair to my sight -
As when in the locks of my lady they twine,
No wave from the fountain so limpid and bright
As when tinged with the ruby that's pressed from
the vine.

Oh, fair is the tall nodding cypress, and fairer
 The soft-swaying blossoms that breathe of de-
 light;
 But lovelier far are the cheeks of my Zara,
 Like baskets of tulips of crimson and white.

Vain, vain is the effort of painters who try
 To rival the grace of the natural curl,
 The ivory neck and the languishing eye,
 Or the soft-throbbing breast of a beautiful girl.

Make the heaven of loving, O Hafiz, thine own,
 For thy life is but short, and worth less than
 the least
 Of the handful of glittering coins which are thrown
 To the Georgian maidens who dance at a feast.

POPLAR DOWN.

The sylph that haunts the locust trees
 Pours out her fragrant chalice,
 The spruces wave their stately arms
 And greet us to their palace.

The peonies on velvet turf
 Dream of their glad to-morrow,
 The hemlocks gild their sprouting tips
 Like sunny thoughts in sorrow.

The summer breeze has crisped the sea
 With fleeces white as milk.
 It waves the wheat on distant hills
 Like folds of watered silk.

It sways the elm tree's lofty crown
Where birds are full in tune;
Like magic snow the poplar down
Floats on the sky of June.

On blooming grass we drink our fill
Of perfect earth and skies,
Till sunbeams lay their subtle hand
Upon our closing eyes.

The heart beats soft; the outer world
Recedes and disappears;
Only the rushing of God's wind
Is in our dreaming ears.

The solid earth beneath us melts,
The zephyrs lend their motion,
With clouds and poplar down we drift
Across the heavenly ocean.

LAFAYETTE.

In eighteen hundred twenty-four,
When the republic still was young,
The Revolutionary War
Remained the theme of every tongue.

Near Boston, at Jamaica Plain,
An ancient cobbler swung his sign;
He still remembered George's reign
And Washington and Brandywine.

He loved his grog, but loved his work;
New England always had a place
For men who did not care to shirk
And kept a steady, cheerful face.

A cricket, somewhat out of date,
He piped and chirruped with the best
And stopped at every open gate—
Good nature's kindly, heedless guest.

Long stockings on his withered shanks,
A twinkling eye, and whiskers stubby;
The boys forgot their usual pranks
And kept a pinch of snuff for Tubby.

That season, as the nation's guest,
Great Lafayette came o'er the waters,
Finding a welcome in the breast
Of all Columbia's sons and daughters.

And when he came to Boston town
Excitement swept the quiet city;
Each girl brought out her finest gown,
And orators were brave and witty.

Old Tubby followed with the crowd
That came to see the great parade,
And stood there, not a little proud
Of stiff chapeau and fine cockade.

When the cortège came sweeping by,
He scarce could shout or speak for gladness;
For pleasure, in an aged eye,
Is very close akin to sadness.

“Stop here!” the general cried, “stop here!
Here’s one of my old Continentals.”
And soon the veteran stood near
The coach in battered regimentals.

“I saw your honor,” so he said,
And clear the withered features shine,
(He’s taller now by half a head),
“I saw you at the Brandywine.”

“They tell me,” Lafayette replied,
“I ne’er forgot a friend as yet.”
And the old man broke down and cried,
To be the friend of Lafayette!

The marquis placed a new cockade
Beside the old one on his breast;
Again the martial music played—
Forward the gay procession pressed.

But after that good Tubby Jones
Had freedom of Jamaica Plain;
He’d wet his whistle, rest his bones,
And fight his battles o’er again.

Some eyes there are that ne’er are blind,
Some hearts there are that ne’er forget.
A blessing on all souls as kind
As generous General Lafayette.

ANTIGONE AND ISMENE.

Ismene of the even mind,
Delight of all the human kind,
With gentle sense and prudent eye
To know the force of reason high,
To mark the possible and wrest
The better from the hopeless best.
The counsellor of every hour,
The doubler of a mortal's power,
Possessing all the wisdom rare
Of when to shun and when to dare,
Of when to suffer long and when
To justify God's ways with men.
A gentle creature wise and good
For human nature's daily food,
To bow before the Eternal's might,
And span the abyss with rainbows bright.

Antigone, who strives again
Against the common lot of men,
Who spurns the half without the whole,
And struggles with a desperate soul
For truth and honor, fair and bright,
Prizing the right because of right;
Scorning the wrong, and glad to break
All human law for law's dear sake.
Tremendous risk, terrific power
That dares to trifle with the hour,
And risk the fate of all below
Upon a single desperate throw.
The very thought of self is death
To all her love; a single breath
Of wrong, and all her work of bliss
Falls ruined back in the abyss.

The growth of ignorance, foul and rank,
Converts the martyr to a crank,
And error arms her eager face
Against the entire human race.
A single fly brings foulest blot
And all her ointment is forgot;
A touch from superstition's hands,
And, lo, a perfect fiend she stands,
With block for martyr heads, and smiles
For human racks and blazing piles.

Oh, rarest gift of man, the power
To face Peniel's awful hour,
To tread the path that Jacob trod,
Who wrested victory from his God,
And came to meet his life again,
A conqueror with God and men;
The power to meet a tyrant's motion,
To lead a nation through the ocean,
To stand with hands uplifted high
For laws of justice from the sky—
With self-control that fears to break
Those tables for their Maker's sake;
That rises by the cliff, to give
The fount that makes a nation live,
Yet instant drops the lifted rod,
Still mindful of the word of God.
None, none can tread the awful path,
Can win the blessing, shun the wrath.
Cry of the lost, shout of the free,

Antigone! Antigone!
Strange destiny of sons of men—
To live before their God again.
As did their ancestors, and rise
Obedient to his solemn eyes!

To meet with free and steadfast awe
 The iron fiat of his law;
 To float in the abyss; to stand
 A moth upon a giant's hand!
 A withered leaf upon the blast,
 A mote upon the whirlwind cast,
 A fleck of sunlight on the stream,
 The very shadow of a dream,
 The image of a Maker, yet
 Corruption which the worms forget!

Oh, who can know and who can see?
 Antigone! Antigone!

NOTE.—Œdipus, in Greek mythology, represents the Sun, child of Laius (*gleaming*; the twilight) and Iocasta (*bright wanderer*; the moon). Like other solar deities he is exposed as a child; *i. e.*, he disappears in the west, and appears, another yet the same, in the east. His swollen foot represents the distorted disk on the horizon. He slays his father, the twilight, and marries his mother, now the old moon, in the east. When the truth is discovered, Iocasta hangs herself, as new moon, on the western horizon; Œdipus destroys his own sight and sets in blood. His daughters are Ismene (*even mind*, patience) the evening star, living out her appointed period; and Antigone (*resistance*), the morning star, which struggles against the light and perishes.

FERNS.

There's a power in nature that quickens and burns
 In each bud and each blade that aspire;
 There's a life in creation which rises and yearns
 For the sky with a constant desire.

The chemical forces of ages unknown
Have nurtured the root in the earth,
And the seeds that the hand of a zephyr has sown
Respond to their marvellous birth.

On the wing of the moonlight the dewdrops have
flown
Through the gulfs and abysses of dark,
The radiant might of the sun on his throne
Has hastened the magical spark.

Of all the bright creatures that tremble and gleam,
Of all the sweet visions that burn,
There is nothing more tender by rock and by
stream,
Than the charm of the exquisite fern.

With Titian's own green, with its fairylike lace,
With circles that gently unfold
On the breath of the spring from the earth at its
base,
It arises in emerald and gold.

It awoke in the years before Adam was made
Or the bliss of existence begun,
And perished by millions beneath the deep shade
Of forests that knew not the sun.

It raised its frail frond in the darkness to kiss
The lip of the poisonous air,
And heard the fierce breath of the dragons that
hiss
In the gloom of a horrid despair.

It waited for ages and æons untold,
For the pillars of heaven to arise,
For the radiant dome from on high to unfold
The joy of the crystalline skies.

In all God has made there is nothing that's loss,
Each leaf is sustained by his power,
Creation has shared in the weight of his cross,
And looks for his glorious hour.

QUEENSTOWN.

The tender leaves the steamer's side,
One white hand waves afar;
The poising sea-gulls swoop and glide,
Upon the outward bar.

Here many part, and few shall meet,
And most are left behind,
While eager wishes, keen and fleet,
Float on the following wind.

Where'er the Irish lass has trod,
Where'er the lad has gone,
There's still the heart that blessed the sod
Where Patrick spared the fawn.

Wherc'er the tide, revolving, swings,
Where'er the islands be,
The Irish hearts have spread their wings
To fly across the sea.

THE HAUNTED CASTLE.

The castle stands firm on the beetling crag
Over chasms of fathomless night,
The whispering folds of the mystical flag
Appeal to the stars in their flight.

It raises its hands to the heavens on high
With a passion no mortal can tell,
Like a spirit that fixes its thoughts on the sky
From abysses of terror and hell.

The night-hawk encircles the tower above;
Through the darkening fir trees below
The moon casts a glance of compassionate love
On the fate of the waterfall's flow.

The gathering clouds hide the beautiful face,
And nature is holding her breath,
The chime of the water resounds with the grace
Of a requiem constant in death.

Strange warders above on the rainparts emerge,
Closed visor and glimmering mail,
All silent the footsteps that tread on the verge
Of sorrow and mystery pale.

Strange torches flash out in the banqueting hall,
Strange choruses echo afar;
There are shrieks from the dungeons and groans
that appal
The heart of the listening star.

Every window is filled with a magical flame,
And rings with a magical tread,
The lamps of the towering archways enframe
The terrible dance of the dead.

Most strange, on the edge of eternity, stands
The castled abode of the soul,
Where forms of remote generations and lands
Hold the spirit in instant control.

There are passions now still in the dust of the ages
And griefs hidden under the snow,
There are transports and sorrows, devotions and
rages,
Long passed from our planet below.

The ancestor's smile and the trick of his hand,
His look of decision or pain,
As he'd comfort or counsel, persuade or command
Are seen in descendants again.

The soul of a saint, of a heroine gleams
In a mother's compassionate eye;
In her husband a buried philosopher dreams
Or the scoffs of a cynic reply.

In the flash of that brow, in the nerve of those
hands,
Is his spirit who mastered the ship;
The judge with his ermine in majesty stands
In the silent control of that lip.

The fires of courage and genius arise
In the banner that's streaming above;

There are musings of heaven and hopes of the skies
By the light of the planet of love.

There is terror and anguish and madness and sin
In the gloom of the dungeon below,
Where hope, became horror and life wasted thin
In the veins of the long vanished foe.

The powers of midnight and evil must shock
The castle above and beneath,
And well for the soul that is rooted in rock
O'er the infinite darkness of death.

COLD STORAGE.

Outside my quiet window a tower surges high
And bears the winter's greeting to meet the summer sky;
There tons of frozen storage on groaning pillars rest,
And Hecla's snows sleep quietly within the mighty breast;
There June and January both in calmest friendship meet
And Christmas nods its hoary head above the August street.
All day the drays, with restless teams, keep gathering about
To bear icy giant's gifts of healing bounty out—
The fruits and sweet refreshment to cool the fevered lips,
The stream of life and comfort the pining baby sips;

It takes much stern machinery, and human thought
beside,
To send such eddies backward on Time's unchang-
ing tide;
The engines thunder far below before the dawn has
risen,
As if a long-doomed Afrite sought to break his
magic prison.
When summer cheers my upper room and lifts
the window-frame,
I hear a stream of water rush, all night, the very
same,
And yet with fitful cadences and moods of vary-
ing trills,
Like streams that glide upon the Alps or cool
Norwegian hills,
Or where Italian naiads gather the mountain's
tears
And Byron's bow on Terne watches the flight of
years—
Where Anio thunders down the steep of Tivoli
sublime,
And the Sibyl's temple soars serene above the
wrecks of time.
I think how great Mæcenas made Tivoli his home
And its music granted him the sleep no gold could
buy in Rome.
I see the vast Campagna spread, the Este gardens
rise,
I see the evening glimmer red in the eternal skies,
Till fancy folds her wearied wings, my senses
cease to know,
And I go where old Mæcenas went and all good
sleepers go.

O FONS BANDUSIÆ.

How delicious the fount under Bandusia's cave!
Bright the bubbles that mount swift through the
mantling wave.

Wine is ruby, but thine is
Crystal, perfect to bless and save.

Gentle nymph of the spring, queen of the water
free,
Here tomorrow I'll bring sacrifice due to thee.
Flowers fresh from the bowers,
Garlands meet for thy deity.

Most refreshing the pool fed by the currents fair,
Ilex verdant and cool sways in the summer air;
Sleeping after their reaping
Workmen gaze on a goddess there.

Other poets may chant Dirce and Castaly,
And the visions that haunt under their sacred
tree;
Blessing ever confessing,
Still I sing of thy grace to me.

THE FIRE.

Pile the mossy branches high,
Once they soared to meet the sky,
Cradled in the ether fair,
Darlings of the light and air,

Drank the dews of heaven clear,
Sheltering the birds and deer.
How the fire-spirit clings,
Laps them closely in his rings;
How the rosy splendor masses
Crimson light upon the brasses;
How the quaintest faces smile
In the polished oak and tile;
How the shadows rise and fall
In the old familiar hall!
Earliest dreams that one remembers
Still are lurking in the embers,
Blazing castles, ocean waves,
Ætna craters, Fingal's caves—
How we watched the blazing log
Cheek by jowl beside the dog!
Still the thronging memories come—
Christmas mornings, welcomes home,
Sweetest voices ever heard,
Kindly thought and gentle word,
Loving hands of long ago,
Folded now beneath the snow.
As we dream we're growing older—
Ah! what hand is on your shoulder?
See, a welcome form is there,
Tripping lightly down the stair.
Call no more the bygone years,
Fire, who knew their smiles and tears,
Counsellor of midnight hours,
Oracle of spirit powers,
You who broke our dearest fetters,
Treasure house of treasured letters;
Gone they are, and let them rest,
Buried in your ardent breast.

Changeful, eager, restless fire,
Emblem of our heart's desire;
How it bursts in ruddy flashes
Ere it sinks to dust and ashes,
Blackening, scorching, searing, thrilling,
All the heart with anguish filling,
Keener than the swiftest fencer,
Fragrant as a golden censer,
When the fleecy wreaths arise
Through the murk to seek the skies;
Heart consumer, purifier,
Solemn, stern, judicial fire!

THE BATH.

The eager oar has kissed the wave,
The answering waters quiver,
With scarce a touch we seem to glide
Along the peaceful river.

The fragrance of the summer rose
Upon the surface lies,
The trembling tide reflects anew
The roses of the skies.

A sound of many waters fills
The dawn's refreshing cool,
And guides us to the dear delights
That haunt the crystal pool.

Delicious poise, delicious plunge,
Delicious the return
To where the azure vaults above,
In their abysses burn.

Thus must the new-born spirit rise
Upon the air of even,
And, cradled in the ether, view
The opening gates of heaven.

The living water bears us on
Its hospitable breast,
It soothes each thought with perfect calm,
Each nerve with perfect rest.

The pulse of nature's conscious power
Is in the wakening breeze,
It crisps the wave upon our lips
And sways the shadowing trees.

A fount of music from the birds
Is thrilling in the branches,
It ripples from the listening leaves,
And from the summit launches.

They feel the joy of life divine
And strive to tell the story,
And all the air around repeats
Its majesty of glory.

The purple pennants of the east,
In clearer light are furled,
And eyes immortal gaze upon
The beauty of the world.

THE MUSIC BOX.

Where sweet Geneva's eye of blue
Reflects the blue above it,
And spreads its most enchanting view
For those who know and love it,

Where the horizon glimmers fair
Above the range of Jura,
And, bathed in most pellucid air,
Each snowy peak shines purer,

Where poplars of Jean Jacques Rousseau
Upon his island quiver,
And morning rose and evening glow
Rest on the rushing river,

A workman, wise in head and heart,
Sweet Music's soul divining,
Ensnared her spirit by his art,
In magic ease enshrining.

And still, afar from Leman's shore,
The melodies enchanting.
In notes repeated o'er and o'er,
Our thoughts are ever haunting.

A touch upon the pearly box
Opens the airy prison,
While mother's hand the cradle rocks
And children pause to listen.

Coronation Waltz. Strauss.

Stern the castle's ancient splendor
 Rises o'er the sweeping Rhine,
 Silver moonbeams, soft and tender,
 On the deathless towers shine.

'Tis the monarch's coronation;
 Noblest knights and ladies all
 Bring their joyous acclamation
 To the great ancestral hall.

Hark! the sound of footsteps dancing;
 Hark! the music in the air,
 Waltzing forms are brightly glancing
 Through the stately windows fair.

On a balcony, my dearest,
 Gazing o'er the silver Rhine,
 For an instant—oh, the merest
 Instant—raised her eyes to mine.

The cadence falls
 Within the walls,
 The moon reigns white above,
 The nightingale in darkness calls
 To greet my only love.

Polka Hassenfelder.

Hark! the polka music, ringing
 Through the branches sweet and free;
 Hark! the merry chorus, singing
 Underneath the greenwood tree.

Tell me not of midnight hours,
All is brightest in the sun;
Here, in nature's fragrant bowers,
Life and hope are best begun.

Nothing else is half so cheering
In this world of clouds and storms
As the clasp of hands endearing
And the sway of graceful forms.

Lips are reddest, faces brightest,
Happy boys and noble girls,
Voices sweetest, hands the whitest,
As the merry music whirls;

Gentle fingers softly twining,
Eyes on one another shining
All the bliss of life divining—
Swift the merry music whirls.

La Violetta. Mazurka. Faust.

Sweet mazurka, sweeter, sweetest!
Tell me not the dance is done;
Fleet the hours, fleeter, fleetest!
Sure, the night is but begun.

Stars are calm and skies are tender,
Nothing on the earth is true
But my darling, graceful, slender,
With her steadfast eyes of blue.

Tell me not the sun is risen,
 Tell me not the dawn is gay,
 All without is gloom and prison,
 Here, alone, I find my day.

The violet, the violet!
 The fragrance I can ne'er forget,
 For nothing else on earth is sweet
 But Marguerite, my Marguerite.
 O Marguerite, O Marguerite,
 The name I'll evermore repeat—
 If I could die at thy dear feet,
 My Marguerite, my Marguerite!

Allegro di Nabuchodonosor. Verdi.

See! his Majesty Chaldæan
 Nearing in his awful state;
 Hark! the mighty, martial pæan
 Ringing through the golden gate.

Gorgeous satrap, great magician,
 Form the glory of his train
 As the pageant, like a vision,
 Flashes through the jewelled fane.

Hark! the trumpets loudly pealing,
 Clashing timbrels, rolling drums;
 Sweet the dulcimer is stealing
 As the lofty monarch comes.

Join the shout the people raises !

Thronging crowds of every station
Share the rapture, chant his praises
With the Babylonian nation.

“Nebuchadnezzar ! Nebuchadnezzar !

Lord of our glory, our feasts and our pleasure !”

Redowa de Sulliva.

Hark ! the redowa is sounding,
Chiming through the pillared halls,
Like a poising billow bounding,
Then in silver notes it calls.

There her snowy plume is glancing
Underneath the chandelier ;
Cease, ye dancers ! cease your dancing
Lo ! the queen of souls is here.

Stately foot and graceful measure,
Stately she, but never proud ;
Sweetest eyes, with look of pleasure,
Gazing on the parting crowd.

Sound again ! ye accents tender,
Sweet as Handel and Mozart ;
See ! she comes in all her splendor,
She, the lady of my heart.

Brindio de la Zarzuela Catalina.

Soft the star of eve is shining
O'er the blooming orange trees,
All the mysteries divining
Of the fragrant western breeze.

Cool the shadow of the mountain
Falls upon the town below,
And the music of the fountain
Echoes in the twilight glow.

Far on high Alhambra's bowers,
Haunted by the stately past,
Guard the joyful myrtle bowers
While the singing voices last.

Brightly sounds the brindio, flinging
Gladness on the air afar ;
Gay the castanet is ringing,
Sweetly chimes the clear guitar.

Watch the dancers lightly wheeling !
Softly through the darkness stealing,
Louder, then, and louder pealing,
Sweetly chimes the clear guitar.

No more, no more, enchanting box !
Though memory fondly lingers,
Sad evening brings the key, and locks
The past with thoughtful fingers.

M. M. H.

When I remember all thy love and care,
Dear mother, in the days of childhood, spent
At thy sweet side—thy smile of calm content,
Thy perfect voice, thy hand, thy wisdom rare,
Which seemed to sphere our life in holy air,
As if a blessed spirit, nightly sent,
Would spread the shelter of his guardian tent
For pilgrim feet beneath the heavens fair—
And when I know that all is past, and thou
Safe with the friends beloved in other years;—
I seem to see thee, light upon thy brow,
A lip without a sorrow, and the tears
Banished forever from thy gentle eyes,
Guiding thy long lost child in Paradise.

E. M. O.

Thy soul was fairer than thy lovely face
(Which made the stranger pause upon the street
As if some minister of heaven to meet),
Thy radiant eye, thy bright unconscious grace
Which breathed in ambient air a shrine, a space
That evil could not enter, and the sweet
Look of compassion on thy lip to greet
The world's great sorrow. Short thy earthly race;
Happy in this, beneath the fatal dower
Of beauty wisely borne—one, true as thou,
Loved, sought and won thee, in a happy hour
Completing the full orb of life. And now
They dwell where grief is past and sight begun—
The wife, the husband, and their noble son.

J. M. R.

I seem to see him as he was in youth,
His face all radiant, and his noble brow
Fit for Apollo's fairest laurel bough,
A look of candor and an eye of truth.
He trusted other hearts, for his, in sooth,
Knew nought but high resolve and holy vow.
His only joy was kindly deeds, and how
To comfort saddened souls by gentle ruth.
A knight of latter days, who feared his God
And loved his neighbor. Now, in fields of light,
He treads the paths that saintèd feet have trod;
And there the blessèd mother meets his sight,
Who, with a patient love that none may tell,
Waited her son where choiring angels dwell.

H. B.

His presence always lingers in the home
He loved and blest, and on the shady street
His lofty figure often seems to meet
Us walking. Past the quiet church he'd come
From a kind errand. There was always some
Word of good cheer upon his lips to greet
Those he encountered on the way. His feet
Were welcome still in every house and room.
A noble life; a very king of men.
With wisdom won from many a distant shore;
A soul that ever lived in sight of heaven.
No praise of mortals reached him. Evermore
His thought arose above our human ken
To Him to whom alone his soul was given.

ALL SAINTS.

The glories of the western hill
Through wreathing vapors fall
Beneath the eye, serene and still,
Of one who watches all.

The memory of summer days
Melts in the ether bright
As angel music softly plays
Through gulfs of starry night.

Embers of autumn's latest red
Through baring branches glow,
As, one by one, their leaves are shed
On peaceful turf below.

In chrysoprase and amethyst
The rounded summits rise,
Foundations, gleaming through the mist,
Of cities in the skies.

With softer breath the zephyr faints,
The sapphire river rolls,
And heaven bows with all its saints
To greet our mortal souls.

SHESHEQUIN.

When Yankee hearts in other days
A Western home were seeking,
They found a shelter in the glade
Of pastoral Sheshequin.

Uniting rivers, then as now,
 Flowed by the verdant shore,
Where morning dews and evening glows
 Their fruitful influence pour.

Among the blackened stumps the grain
 The virgin fields was blessing,
And Ulster mountain raised its hands
 To grant a sunset blessing.

The Indian tempest filled the north,
 War thundered from the east;
A frugal table theirs indeed,
 Where Freedom spread her feast.

But eyes there were to see aright
 And hands to fire true;
From field and hill frontiersmen came
 Beside the waters blue.

The deerskin made the hunting shirt,
 The women knit the stocking,
And all along the country side
 The stalwart forms were flocking.

Rough were the trappings at the best,
 But manhood did its part;
They bore their fortune on their back,
 Their country in their heart.

Distant and weary was the march
 Past rock and wood and gorge,
To face the field of Brandywine,
 The snows of Valley Forge.

When Peace and Liberty prevailed
Nor bade them longer roam,
A sober welcome 'twas, they found
In every cabin home.

No laurel for the weathered brow,
No luxury to spoil;
Nature renewed her fruitful years
And spread her bounteous soil.

They left a lesson for a world
That wealth and comfort brighten,
When hope and culture through the land
Each village household lighten.

Their spectral watchfires light the wave
Upon the rivers clear,
And by them stands the ghostly form—
The stately Pioneer.

The Revolution greets our age
As mothers greet their daughter,
While Ulster nods her forest crest
Across the silent water.

SUNT LACRYMÆ RERUM.

The power of years eternal,
Had framed the granite rock;
The force of fires infernal
Had rent it with their shock;

The surges of the ages
Had ground it into sand,
Where azure Ocean rages
To kiss the blooming land.

The Tyrian trader's fire
Melted the stony heart,
As drops of red desire
From tortured spirits start;

And when the glowing, quivering vase
Was cooled to diamond glass
'Twas glorious as when heaven's rays
Through sacred fountains pass.

They laid a lordly Roman
To his eternal sleep,
Where ghosts of conquered foemen
Eternal vigil keep;

They filled the crystal treasure
With orient spices dear,
And in the balm of pleasure
Melted a human tear.

The marble chamber guarded
Its secret long and well,
The spectral watchmen warded
The deep mysterious cell;

And when at last the vase of tears
Greeted the answering light,
Both balm and tears, in lapse of years,
Were lost in dust of night;

But radiant as a priestly cope,
Clear as a living soul,
A rainbow of immortal hope
Embraced the glowing bowl.

WEBSTER.

One morning, at the Capitol
Of Washington, the wise and great
Had come in crowds, to follow all
The progress of the long debate.

The forces of the North and South
Were gathered for the altercation,
And tragic Webster's was the mouth
To speak the watchword of the nation.

The lives of unborn millions stand
Waiting the end of the contention,
And Fate holds in her iron hand
The balances of the convention.

Upon his lip persuasion lies—
Great legislist, orator, logician;
With wing of eloquence he flies
To seek the Pisgah mount of vision.

Like summer tempests on his brow
Gather the thoughts; then, flashing under
The clouds the lightning comes; and now
Follows the speech of pealing thunder.

The session ended all too soon
For those who watched that mighty frown,
And in the quiet afternoon
The crowd went streaming through the town.

Returning from the lofty dome,
Some friends, as soon as they were able,
Sought out their prophet's quiet home
To gather round his cheerful table.

Webster came down a little late;
A lady, filled with the occasion,
Eager, and quite unused to wait,
Began at once congratulation.

“Oh, Mr. Webster, if the world
Could only all be gathered here,
To see your banners quite unfurled
In the defence of Union dear !

“And then (you really mustn’t smile !)
But when in noble blue you stand
And buttons ! the old-fashioned style—
You always look supremely grand.”

His face was calm—no humor now,
No touch of fun to greet her fact or
Fancy; beneath the royal brow
There always lurked the perfect actor.

The solemn lips are pursed, serene,
Above the eyes the eyelids fall
Demure, as any sweet sixteen
Appearing at an evening ball.

He simpered for a moment—then,
As if a maiden's fault confessing:
“I *thought* that I looked pretty, when
(I beg your pardon!) I was dressing.”

TREASURE OF THE NIGHT.

Powers of darkness, in the night,
Swept the world with blasts of sleet;
Peace returns with morning light,
Solar splendor floods the street.

Writhing in the storm's alarms
Every elm tree reared on high
Wringing hands and tortured arms,
Vainly, to the blackened sky.

Now a glorious arcade,
Passing work of mortal hands,
Perfect light without a shade,
In the azure ether stands.

Polished porphyry pillars rise,
Crystal arches nobly bend,
Diamond fretworks on the skies
In ecstatic beauty blend.

Scarce a rustle stirs the air,
Every voice of man is still,
Silver timbrels, tinkling fair,
Through the thoughtful silence thrill.

Thus may mortal spirits borrow
 Blessing from the powers of Night
 Days of grief and years of sorrow
 Deck the soul in robes of light.

TSARSKOË SELO.

Against the sapphire sky the dome
 Of gold is flashing clear—
 A dream of the distant spirit home,
 Where there's never a sigh or tear.

The halls are rich with their stones of price
 Where the palace surges fair,
 But there's naught so sweet as the perfect spice
 Where the lime-grove woos the air;

Where the leaves are damp with the Baltic dew,
 And the sun-flecked shadows brood,
 And the northern springtime is always new
 In the breath of the August wood.

Is that the sound of the trees I hear,
 Or the voice of a distant crowd,
 While the note of the linnet, strong and clear,
 Rings out from its nest aloud?

It's the voice of millions far away,
 Who dream of the souls they love;
 It's the Power that guides them on their way,
 And sounds from the clouds above.

There's joy on the bounds of the farthest hills,
There's joy where the swallows rove,
When the sweetest voice of summer thrills
In the heart of the lime-tree grove.

BREEZE AND CALM.

The breeze arose at set of sun,
With many a quirk and shiver,
And, with a burst of youthful fun,
Came speeding up the river.

Each ripple in its portion danced,
Each wavelet met its brother,
As if their mutual joy enhanced
The bliss of one another.

The moon appearing on the hills,
Its cheerful message speeding,
Touched the bright water where it thrills
With countless diamond beading.

In every dimple's gleaming ray
The orb beheld a daughter,
Until a perfect milky-way
Of moons was on the water.

A path it seemed of silver light,
Too fair for grief or sorrow,
As if to lead me through the night
To seek a glad to-morrow.

Another evening, on the bridge,
A solemn silence bound me,
And, when the moon had climbed the ridge,
An icy spell was round me.

She paused at heaven's open gate,
And, gazing through the portals,
Beheld a pool as smooth as fate,
As black as grief of mortals.

There lay the mirrored orb of white,
While Nature held her breath,
As if there gleamed a crown of light
Beneath the stream of death.

Without a stain, without a sigh,
She met my anxious face,
As if to teach a human eye
The might of heavenly grace.

When life is strong and hearts are gay
With Nature's blessed power,
We find a hope for every day,
A joy for every hour.

In every face we view a friend,
In every eye an answer,—
Like pulsing melodies that send
Their challenge to the dancer.

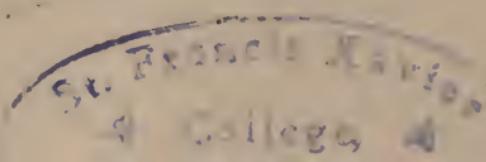
When hours are dark and hopes are few,
The stars their wisdom lend us

To prize a single heart that's true,—
One hand that can befriend us.

Accustomed to the night, our eyes
Behold a comfort-giver,
And recognize the crown that lies
Beneath the silent river.

ISAAC MARSHALL.

Slow, slow, long ago,
Clicked the clock-work to and fro,
With the thrum, and the hum,
Of the solemn pendulum,
Where the rounded, glittering face
Watched above the polished case,
Marking time's appointed pace.
Straight and square, tall and spare,
Like a rock by the clock,
Firm of lip and white of hair,
Isaac Marshall stood in prayer—
Revolutionary sire.
At his side his heart's desire
Kerchiefed wife and children four,
Humbly kneeling on the floor,
Heard the father's lips implore
Blessings on them, o'er and o'er—
Blessings for the household store,
Blessings from the heavenly shore,
More and more.
“And the State, firm and great,
Where the sons of Pilgrims wait—



Massachusetts: Peace and honor,
Strength and wisdom wait upon her:"
So he speaks, soft and low;
Then the children rise and go;
Rise to face their daily labor;
Fear their God and love their neighbor.

There, there, up the stair,
In the summer morning air,
Lay the figure tall and spare,
With the busy fingers pressed
On the breast.
Whispering, they thought, it best
Thus to wait and let him rest.
Slowly ebb the powers through the hours,
Till the solemn evening lowers,
And they said, by the bed.
"Is he living still, or dead?"
So they touch the withered hand,
Reverently, at love's command,
And the veteran raised his eyes,
In surprise.
"I was thinking—thinking on,
Of the day of Lexington:—
Farmer, deacon, parson, squire—
There they learned to load and fire.
Those were days of toils and pains—
Old Long Island and White Plains.
Long ago, long ago—
I remember Rochambeau.
I was thinking, children, too,
Thinking of your God and you.
As I ponder I can see
Faces of posterity—

Children yours, and children theirs,
Children of my fears and prayers.
So I pray and leave the rest.
He knows best.
He will see. He will be
With them as with you and me.”
So he spoke, and closed his eye;
Sober man, prepared to die.

Slow, slow, long ago,
Clicked the clock-work to and fro,
With the hum and the thrum
Of the solemn pendulum.

ABNER CRAFTS.

In worn and battered uniform,
As gaunt as any ogre,
He marched along in sun and storm
From far Ticonderoga.

Good Abner Crafts, with eagle eye
And sinewy figure lanky,
Had left his home, to live and die
With many another Yankee.

He put a mortgage on his place
And donned his regimentals
To raise a company and face
War with the Continentals.

And now, on furlough from the camp,
With compass to discover
The way, he started on the tramp—
Three hundred miles and over.

No mail or message, in those years,
To bring him welcome tidings;
For months he'd battle with his fears
How all at home were 'biding.

And, as along the way he jogs,
He'd feel a kindly nuzzle
Of comfort from his yellow dog's
Mute but expressive muzzle.

"Rover" had kept his master warm,
And felt the pinch of stint or
Starvation through each night of storm
In that Canadian winter.

And now they've almost reached the goal;
Another day will bring them
To Watertown, where every soul
With loving arms will ring them,

When, all at once, the dog was gone,
And Crafts was broken-hearted—
He had not felt so much alone
Since first from home he started.

The waving tail, the eager bark,
The eyes of brown affection,
The sense that led him in the dark
And found the lost direction.

And that was what had ailed the beast;
He felt the force of homing—
The power that moves the very least
Of birds, and sets them roaming.

And so across the hills he sped,
As sure as hawks in Norway,
Until he struck the path that led
Straight to his master's doorway.

The wife and children round him fall,
Some mystery divining,
While "Rover" tries to tell them all
With sympathetic whining.

"Children," she said, "your father sure
Will be at home to-morrow,
Or God has called us to endure
The bitterest of sorrow."

And when the morning came, and she
In warm embraces wrapped him,
All Watertown had come to see
And welcome home their Captain.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

Los Angeles

This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



AA 000 023 910 3

PS
1939
H576v

